

FRUITS  
OF THE  
SPIRIT  
BY HAMILTON  
WRIGHT  
MABIE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
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FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

BOOKS BY  
**Hamilton Wright Alabie**

MY STUDY FIRE  
UNDER THE TREES AND ELSEWHERE  
SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE  
ESSAYS IN LITERARY INTERPRETATION  
MY STUDY FIRE, SECOND SERIES  
ESSAYS ON NATURE AND CULTURE  
ESSAYS ON BOOKS AND CULTURE  
ESSAYS ON WORK AND CULTURE  
THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT  
NORSE STORIES  
WORKS AND DAYS  
THE GREAT WORD  
CHRISTMAS TO-DAY  
INTRODUCTIONS TO NOTABLE POEMS  
FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT  
IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN. *Illustrated*  
MY STUDY FIRE. *Illustrated*  
UNDER THE TREES. *Illustrated*  
A CHILD OF NATURE. *Illustrated*  
NORSE STORIES. *Illustrated*  
NATURE AND CULTURE. *Illustrated*

# FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

BY  
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
LYMAN ABBOTT



NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1917

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## PREFATORY NOTE

These essays have appeared in the editorial columns of *The Outlook* from time to time for several years past. The present volume is the result of a desire, frequently expressed, that the timely messages so fully reflecting the author's loyalty to his country, and his love for his fellow men in their highest destinies, should be grouped in convenient form in order to perpetuate the potent influence they are known to have exerted upon the conduct and thought of many people. Their wide range brings them into touch with eager youth seeking inspiration; with those weary in well-doing, needing encouragement; with those bringing the fruits of experience to enrich the activities of our busy age; and with those who face the sunset in serene quiet. Here

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## Prefatory Note

all may find breadth of vision, renewed courage, clearer insight into the complexities of life, and profound spiritual meanings.

It is significant that the latest essays, written in 1916, during a period of great physical depression, are concerned with the fundamentals of faith, action and achievement. The titles seem to form themselves into a triumphant progression, "Character First," "Meeting Life Squarely," "What Can I Do?" and "The Test of Courage." They would march steadily on vibrant with the belief in the ultimate victory of good, and of God, a belief that inspired every word from the pen now laid down in the calm assurance of perfect realization.

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## HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

No one disciple of Christ can give all that his Master gave. But each one of us can by his life and teaching give to his own circle some portion of the message which the Master gave to the world. I have a friend whose inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm of service always says, though quite unconsciously, to every one he meets: "Son, go to work to-day in my vineyard." I had another friend, not living now, whose serene temper and reposeful spirit always said: "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." Her home was to every guest that entered it like the arbor which Christian found in his climb up the Hill Difficulty. The message which Hamilton Wright Mabie brought to those who knew him with any intimacy was, "I have come that they

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might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.”

Not that he was extraordinarily active; not that he was in the least characterized by that bustling energy which is at once the virtue and the vice of the American. I do not recall that I ever saw him in a hurry. On the contrary, if I were to select a single word to indicate, not perhaps his most distinguishing, but his most apparent characteristic, I should choose the word “reposeful.” In one of his essays he writes, “The man who is in haste is always out of relation to things. . . . His haste implies maladjustment; it means that he has blundered, or that he is inadequate to the task he has assumed.” Some scientist has told us that there is more power in an acre of forest trees than in any ordinary manufacturing town with all its bustle and noise. I use the word life as Bergson uses it, as Sir Oliver Lodge uses it, as Mr. Mabie himself in another of his essays has used it.



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“ There is, therefore, in every bit of life, noble or ignoble, beautiful or repulsive, great or small, traces of a thought, evidences of an order, lines of design. Every bit of life is a bit of revelation; it brings us face to face with the great mystery and the great secret. In every such disclosure we are not only looking at ourselves, but we are catching a glimpse of God. All revelation of life has the spell, therefore, of a discovery. We hold our breath when we hear a great line on the stage for the first time, or come upon it in a book, because we are discovering something; we are awed and hushed because we are looking into the mystery. There is the thrill, the wonder, the joy of seeing another link in the invisible chain which binds us to the past and unites us to the future.”

“ In every bit of life ”: that is a phrase very characteristic of Mr. Mabie’s writing because it was characteristic of his experience.

He lived in the world and rejoiced in all that it had to give him. He had neither the mediæval nor the Puritan conscience; to him nothing was taboo. He had no sympathy with the doctrine of Thomas à Kempis that one must

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choose between this world and the next. He believed that the Father had made both worlds and had given them both to his children to enjoy. He believed with Paul that "all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours": all teachers, all material things, all human faculties and activities, the present world, death the gateway to a larger life, and the world to come.

This fullness of life defined and determined his literary judgments.

Taine has said that as behind the fossil there was an animal so behind the folio there was a life. It was this life behind the printed page which interested Mr. Mabie. Language was to him but the tool by which thought and feeling are expressed. He was skillful in the use of this tool, and he had a mild interest in the skill with which other word artists used their tool. But his vital interest was not in their tool but in their mes-

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sage. Literature appealed to him because it was an interpretation of life — not merely of the life of the author, but the life of his age or, in the case of a few of the greatest authors, the life of all the ages. He himself was an interpreter rather than a critic, and was more concerned to enable his readers to see life through the author's eyes than to give them a judgment on the question whether the author had given his interpretation skillfully.

Mr. Mabie was more than a literary critic, and he was more than a literary interpreter. He was interested both in nature and in humanity, because he saw in both an expression of what he has called "The Universal Life." Nature is both a machine and a book. The scientific mind is interested in Nature's mechanical aspects and its material values; for example, in finding and realizing the practical value of electricity as a means of carrying our message and giving light to our homes. Mr. Mabie was inter-

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ested in Nature as an interpretation of that Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, and in detecting the unity of man and nature, not by interpreting man as a mechanical toy but by interpreting nature as a body in which dwells a life-giving spirit. God, he said, "is the force which permeates Nature and gives her forms their meaning and their beauty; and this also is the force which lifts humanity out of the dust and gives it its dignity and opportunity. . . . So every bit of Nature, stone, fish, bird, or leaf, becomes precious; they are all parts of a whole; they are links in a chain. Seen in the light of this sublime discovery all matter is penetrated with thought. In like manner, through human life in all its forms, under all its conditions, in all stages of its unfolding, a great thought or order is being wrought out."

It was this almost oriental faith in the unity of life which gave Mr. Mabie his interest in social problems. Economics,

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sociology, politics, were interesting to him mainly because they were human problems, because in them, as seen in actual human conditions, they showed how a great thought or order is being wrought out. The goal which he saw and to which he believed all transitions, all struggles, all revolutions, are gradually leading the human race is a divinely predestined human brotherhood. It was this too that made him a universal friend. He desired to help not merely the lame, the halt, and the blind out of their handicap; he desired to do what he could to promote the gradual creation of an orderly world out of chaos. He was a brother in this universal but imperfectly developed brotherhood because "good or evil, high or low, illustrious or obscure, all human lives disclose something above and beyond them."

This same spirit of abundant life characterized his religious experience. He regarded all theologies, all liturgies, all ecclesiastical organizations, as instru-

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ments either to express or to promote the spiritual life. He was always a loyal member of the Episcopal communion and in his later life active and influential in the organization. But he never identified himself with any of the parties in that communion. I have often heard him say that the Church of Christ ought to be large enough to embrace men of all opinions and all temperaments. He believed that the bond of union and the test of fellowship should be, not agreement upon a dogma, but loyalty to a Person, not intellectual nor emotional, but vital.

For nearly forty years Hamilton W. Mabie and I worked together as brothers in an educational enterprise. We came of different ancestry and possessed different temperaments. I was a child of Puritan ancestry, he a son of the Church; I was temperamentally philosophical, he was temperamentally poetical. But a mystical faith in the unseen united us in a friendship which strengthened and deepened with the passing years. We not

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only shared in each other's work, we were companions in each other's sorrows. Each profoundly affected the other's life. This etching is of my friend as I understood him. Doubtless it will seem erroneous to some, inadequate to others. But I hope it may serve to help many readers to get from his pen something of the illumination and inspiration which I derived from him through a very sacred personal friendship.

LYMAN ABBOTT.





FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT



# Fruits of the Spirit

## The Truest Commemoration

**M**EMORIALS of every kind in every age and country bear witness to the depth and tenderness of human love and to its guardianship of the memory of those who have passed beyond its care into the keeping of the Eternal Love. Passionate grief, despair, dumb submission, victorious faith, have found expression in every form that art could devise — beautiful, stately, tender. Great leaders, daring soldiers, saints, prophets, poets, statesmen, women whose loveliness made the air about them sweet and warm, young girls in whose charm all that was sweetest in nature and most appealing in prediction of the richer growth to come, little children holding the pilgrim's staff like a toy in their hands —

## Fruits of the Spirit

for each and all there are memorials which record the wealth of achievement or promise that went with them out of the world.

To be surrounded by the visible memorials of those who have gone before is to have continually present the sense of the unbroken life of the race, of the line of descent from parent to child in continuous generations, of the unity of those who have passed through the education of earth and those who are learning its lessons as best they can, of the fellowship of that invisible host of witnesses which gives human struggle its immense spiritual significance. As children ought everywhere to read the story, not of their country's wealth and power, but of its heroes, its courage, its achievements in the emancipation of the human spirit, so ought every child to come into consciousness of the ties that bind the latest to the earliest men and women in vital and unescapable relationship in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of

## The Truest Commemoration

Christ, by memorials on every side of those who have made life great, rich, pure, tender, and fruitful. If they whom we call the dead have escaped out of sleep and are now alive in a fullness of life which "it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive," then, surely, they who remain to endure and struggle toward the light ought to be lifted up by the companionship of the vast company who have achieved freedom and harmony of deed with thought and of reality with vision.

There is one form of memorial, however, that all love and sorrow must take if they are to touch the heart of this living relationship which death only brings into clearer light, and which bears the same relation to all forms of honor to those who have gone before that rites, ceremonies, splendor of structure, costliness of gifts, bear to the complete service of God: it is the honor that we express in our own lives. The heroic are most nobly commemorated by heroism in deed

## Fruits of the Spirit

rather than in stone; the pure are best kept in mind by a new purity in the hearts that remember; greatness of service and nobility of nature by the quickening of all that is unselfish and self-sacrificing in those who guard the memory of a life once hidden by its very loveliness and now hidden in the light of God. It is the unbroken continuity of influence and power that bears witness to the vital family relationship of the present with the farthest past; it is the bequest not of rank or arms or property that affirms the honorable descent of those who remain from those who have gone; it is rather the quickened sense of honor, of loyalty, of the service due in all love from the fortunate to the unfortunate. This is the spiritual remembrance that must be sweeter to those whom it commemorates than statues or tablets or blazened windows; here, too, sorrow finds the path to peace through action. Not often has this highest form of remembrance, this refuge for the sorrow-

## The Truest Commemoration

ful, been more simply and strongly brought to mind than in this letter from Charles Godfrey Leland to a friend:

. . . It is truly with grief I learn that a great loss has befallen you. As regards terrible bereavements there is but one thing to do wisely — to draw nearer to those who remain or whatever is near and dear to us in life, and love them the more, and become gentler and better ourselves, making more of what is left. There are people who wail and grieve incessantly and neglect the living to extravagance. It seems always as if they attracted further losses and deeper miseries. Weak and simple minds grieve most — melancholy becomes a kind of painful indulgence, and finally a deadly habit. Work is the great remedy. I think a great deal of the old Northern belief that if we lament too much the dead, they cannot rest in their graves and are tormented by our tears. It is a pity that the number of our years is not written on our foreheads when we are born. Keep up your heart, work hard, live in hope . . . study — there is a great deal in you. As in China, we ennoble the dead by ennobling ourselves.

## Under the Aspect of Eternity

**M**EN suffer immense loss of reserve power for dealing with the work and problems of the time, and of deep-flowing consolation in their sorrows and anxieties, by reason of their intense absorption in the interests of the hour and their preoccupation with affairs. Never before has this present life laid hold upon conscience, thought and will with such searching and compelling forces. Those who are eager to deal with life on the highest plane find it difficult to penetrate the multitude of details that press upon attention with the sense of a greater order in which all things find their place and are moved to some great end. Work of such magnitude awaits capable men, and taxes thought and strength to such a degree that many men put such heroic labor into the day that night overtakes them unawares, and they awake with surprise to find that their



## Under the Aspect of Eternity

work is only a part of a gigantic scheme of construction. Their tasks have absorbed them so completely that they have never realized their relations to a spiritual order. This is a far more fruitful way of life than that of the man who dreams of purely spiritual activities but never sets his hand to any real task or binds on his shoulders any of the burdens which humanity must carry in its mysterious journey toward the unseen country.

To preach idleness, withdrawal from the world, escape from the manifold tasks of modern society, to men who have become heroic workers by virtue of the inward force which makes them men and the outward opportunities with which God has encircled them to draw out their power and evoke character on a vast scale, is as idle as to command them to go back to the Ptolemaic astronomy or the geography that was studied before Columbus enlarged the world by the discovery of another continent. There is no solution of the problem of the soul

## Fruits of the Spirit

by taking it out of its normal relations in human society; there can be no return to the patriarchal days when men lived in tents and watched their flocks and spent their days in a vast leisure of mind; nor to those middle years in the history of the human spirit when they lived in little walled towns and served their kings and obeyed their spiritual rulers with unthinking obedience. There must be room for the spirit and time for its ripening, but these conditions must be secured not by going back but by going forward.

It would be well if the preoccupied men and women of to-day would take time to read Dante's "Divine Comedy;" to climb from time to time that great peak which o'ertops the poetry of the world. Probably no form of expression could be further from the habitual thought and speech of the day than this report of the journey of the soul through the three worlds; but no modern writing is so clear and authoritative in its setting of the life that now is in definite and unescapable re-

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lation to the life which is to come. In this sublime epic of the soul of man in all conditions there is no idle dreaming, no vague and easy speculation concerning the growth of the spirit and its union with God; on the contrary, the poem stands foursquare to all the winds of shifting opinion, based on an eternal order, pervaded throughout by a vivid realism. The poet escaped, by virtue of his genius, from the tyranny of types and personifications which gave unreality to much mediæval art, and built a world as solid as the Florence which drove him into exile. No other poet of the heavenly vision has dared to give his interpretation of the life of man such massive reality and none has touched it with such compelling power.

For this reason, among others, Dante is a teacher at whose feet the men and women of this busy age ought to sit; he is no master of beautiful dreams, no magician dexterously spinning a web of iridescent words over the abysses; he sees real things with clear and fearless

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glance, and he teaches us not to evade, to escape, to renounce, to comfort and mislead ourselves with idle visions, but to look at the great facts of life, to accept its duties, do its work, live in its relations, in the light of the world to come. He has, as Dean Church has said, "too strong a sense of the reality of this familiar life to reduce it merely to a shadow and type of the unseen. What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is, that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one." In a word, Dante saw the world "under the aspect of eternity."

In that attitude is found our escape from the tyranny of the tremendous tasks laid on the shoulders of modern men by the growth of power within and without. It is impossible to go back to the more leisurely periods when interests were few and simple; if it were possible we should not win the victory and find the peace which our souls crave. These

## Under the Aspect of Eternity

things are not gifts from God to be had for the asking; they are achievements which we must make by conquest of ourselves and our conditions. The problem of life is never one of external conditions; it is always one of inward energy, purity, nobility. The way out for those who would live the life of the spirit in this age of tumultuous activity is to realize hour by hour that the life that now is and the life that is to come, however different in condition and occupation, are parts of one indivisible and unbroken life; it is to see the world steadily and clearly "under the aspect of eternity."

It does not matter how vast the works of the time are, if in accepting their reality we understand how subordinate they are in the spiritual order; it does not matter how heavy the burdens of society are if we carry them with the conviction that they are part of that spiritual discipline which is the rational and inspiring explanation of life. The world that surrounds us is not a mirage;

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is a deep-going and unescapable reality, and woe to the man or woman who tries to ignore it, to treat it as a figment of the imagination, to escape from it. But that which is visible is only a little section of the whole as the earth which seems so vast to us is only a little star in a universe of suns. When a man sees through the material which piles itself about him to the spiritual which is its master; when he rules all the works of his hands by virtue of the sovereignty of his soul; puts his hand to his task and gives his whole strength to it because it is a reality in vital relation with a greater reality; gains wealth with full knowledge that money can buy many things for his body, but nothing for his spirit; organizes great enterprises, with clear understanding that he is the servant of an irresistible movement in human affairs, he is safe from the blindness, corruption, deadness of mere material activity and achievement; he has learned to see life "under the aspect of eternity."

## The Practice of Immortality

**T**HE gains which men and women have made in self-control, understanding of life, beauty and nobility of character, have been secured by those who have lived in advance of the standards of their time. In most cases the separation has not been so great as to involve the tragedy of persecution, but sometimes it has led straight to the hemlock, the block, or the cross. In every generation and in every country there has been a group of those upon whom the light of the morning rested and who have pressed on into the new day. They were not reformers in the sense of aggressively attacking the things in which they did not believe; they were always so intent on bringing into their lives the power of higher ideals that they served their fellows best, not by what they destroyed, but by what they revealed and made

## Fruits of the Spirit

credible. To many who surrounded them those eager seekers for the better life seemed to be pursuing dreams as evanescent as the rainbow and seeking ends as unreal as the pot of gold that lies concealed where the arch of radiant mist rests on the ground. But the mountains stand distinct and immovable, though the near-sighted do not see them; to the far-sighted they are as real and solid as the earth beneath their feet.

Men have followed dreams and fallen in a vain though not always barren pursuit of them; but those who see further than their fellows and live in the larger relations which their vision reveals to them are of all men most rational. One need not wait for the banishment of greed from society to practice unselfishness; one need not wait for a clean and civilized legal treatment of marriage relations to keep the home pure and sacred; one need not wait until public life is cleansed from dishonesty to serve his fellows with a heart that knows no



## The Practice of Immortality

treachery to the great interests of the nation and with hands that have never taken bribes; one need not wait until war is abolished to live the life of peace that rests on the love of God expressed in the love of man. Society is made up of those who live by the standards of the day and of those who live by the standards of to-morrow; and the real dreamers are those who accept things as they are; the followers after the higher realities are those who have wakened out of sleep and have looked upon life as it is. To these clear-sighted men and women the standards they recognize are made more definite and commanding by living as if these standards were already universally accepted; and they gradually conform their aims and deeds to these higher requirements, and are more alive than their fellows because they are in touch with a greater number of real things.

The discussion of the credibility of immortality has its uses and becomes imperative from time to time; but the

## Fruits of the Spirit

final demonstration of this great fact is never made as the result of a process of reasoning; it is ultimately and convincingly revealed in the experience. Those who do not know immortality as a fact of experience often have opinions about it, but can never have knowledge of it; and when that knowledge has been attained, all the argument in the world will disturb the faith which springs out of it as little as the skepticism of the short-sighted will disturb those who see the mountains whenever they lift their eyes. The fact that many good and true men and women doubt the immortality of the soul has no more weight with those who have learned it by experience than has the inability of the good and true to appreciate music power to disturb the faith or destroy the joy of those who know that Beethoven has as authentic a voice as Shakespeare, and that the "Symphony Pathétique," has as real and substantial a cry from the soul of Russia as was Dostoyevski's "Poor Folk."

## The Practice of Immortality

Immortality is not a future state; it is a present condition. It is not a gift to be conferred hereafter; it is power inherent in the human soul. It is not a fact to be proved by logical demonstration any more than the reality of the life of which we are now conscious; it is not a truth to be revealed in some remote heaven; it is a fact to be accepted as life is accepted, and to be lived as life is lived in thought, emotion, and action. If we would know immortality, we must write it on our hearts that we are now immortal; if we would get the peace and joy of it, we must rest securely in it; if we would have it become steadily more real, commanding, and inspiring, we must live as immortals.

For immortality is no more a dream than are those higher realities which have led aspiring souls in every generation step by step upward. We have gone only a little way in the full unfolding of the human spirit, but we have gone so far that our commonplace reali-

## Fruits of the Spirit

ties of the relations of man with man would have seemed to our remote ancestors like the idle dreams of children, to be laughed to scorn by all men who wished to deal with life as it is. They have not discovered that life is a different matter to each succeeding generation; that, in the sense of a reality which is the same everywhere and to all, there is no such thing as "life as it is." Life was one thing to Socrates and another to Cleon; one thing to Judas and another to the Christ; one thing to Lincoln and another to Burr. Does any one question which kind of life was the largest and most real?

It is idle to tell the man who practices a virtue above the standard of his time that he is a dreamer; he knows what has actually happened in his own experience; he knows that he is living in a larger world than the doubters and skeptics; and he knows that the virtue he strives to attain is real because he practices it.

## The Practice of Immortality

In like manner, the men and women who have dreamed what Dr. Gladden has finely called "the practice of immortality" are not dreaming of a possible revelation to be made hereafter; they are living now in a larger view of the world, and acting day by day in the light of present knowledge. They do not search the books for arguments in support of the truth of immortality, nor are they disturbed by the fluctuation of opinion regarding it; they are absorbed in the practice of it. They think of themselves always as immortal; they live day by day in the immediate presence of that spiritual order in this present stage of life which, though invisible, constantly and with increasing clearness bears witness to itself in current history; they strive in all their intercourse with others to bear themselves as immortals and to reverence their fellows as sharers in the great gift of life; they make immortality credible by purity, helpfulness, and fertility; by courage, calmness, and the

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sweetness that streams from a great vision become the feeder of character; they think always of those who have passed through the Gate of Death as possessed of a more vital and transcendent life; "it is the dead only who really live, it is we who are dying;" if it comforts and freshens their sense of the reality of the one life elsewhere, they pray for those who have gone on as freely and confidently as for those who remain; they think of the whole universe, visible and invisible, as the home in which God lives; of life as one and indivisible; of immortality as a present possession, and of its practice as its only real evidence and demonstration; they find no incredible mystery in the empty tomb from which the Christ walked unharmed, because in thought, word, and deed he lived as an immortal from the hour of his birth to the hour of his ascension.

And in all this they are no more dreamers than is the man in the little

## The Practice of Immortality

remote country village who by education and travel has so widened his relations that he lives in the world instead of the place where he does his work, finds his shelter, and takes his daily rest; than the man who, in this present stage of war, greed, and selfishness, lives in the reality of a nobler age as surely coming out of the travail of to-day as this age of spiritual and moral striving has come out of the age of barbarism, lust, and fear.

## Who are the Experts?

**T**HE Christ story, which the world loves even in its most skeptical moments, curiously relates itself to the highest moods of the spirit, and its symbolism has an interior and convincing relation with the aspirations and hopes of men. One determining element in the discovery of spiritual and moral truth is strangely overlooked in our processes of investigation, and that is purity of life and harmony with its invisible order. In every other field of knowledge we demand the most sensitive and accurate instruments of observation. The appliances which equip our laboratories are made with the nicest art and kept with the most painstaking care. Mechanism of exquisite delicacy of construction registers the faintest perturbation of earth or air; microscopes of the highest power reinforce the eye; telescopes,



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planted where vibration is at the minimum and clarity of air at the maximum, record the movements of stars on the far boundaries of space and analyze the fires that burn in the suns; the authority of the observer depends on the perfection of his vision; one of the foremost astronomers of the time owes his eminence to his extraordinary power of sight; physicians build great reputations on the intelligence which resides in their fingertips and the acuteness of their faculty of hearing. In all other fields of knowledge we insist on special qualifications and peculiar gifts, and insist that the expert shall keep the organs he uses in the most perfect condition. If he violates the laws of health and his hand loses its steadiness, his eye its clear-sighted and far-sighted vision, his ear its acuteness, we set him aside as we set aside the instrument or mechanism that has lost its perfect adjustment. When an observer falls into this condition, his authority departs, and he no longer counts

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among the instruments of research.

When it comes to the world of spiritual knowledge, however, where the most delicate and sensitive instruments of observation are required, we forget the tests which science has taught us and we in turn apply to science, and listen to the reports of any man or woman who lays claim to that gift of prophecy which is the knowledge of invisible things, without looking at his or her credentials. The man in the street does not assume to know astronomy, and if he did we should give him small shrift of attention; but when the same man begins to speak of things which involve rare qualities of mind and character, we listen as to an oracle. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned; men and women of spiritual genius and of moral achievements alone speak with authority on these great matters. The faculty of spiritual observation rests primarily on harmony with those laws of health which are the expression of right relations to the uni-

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verse. The man who violates these laws, whatever his gifts of mind may be, is as little entitled to credence when he speaks of spiritual things as is the astronomer when his sight has failed or the physician when his hearing has become dull. The only expert in the knowledge of the spiritual order is the man who has kept his faculty of observation in the highest condition; but we take our views of life from moral invalids, from the morally insane, from those whose hands are incapable of steadiness, whose sight is a half blindness and whose hearing is a partial deafness.

There are scores of books in our libraries which assume to reveal the invisible order of life to us, to interpret that life, and to put the key to the mystery in our hands, which are mere transcriptions of temperament, reflections of moods, revelations of abnormal individual experience; and we accept these purely personal reports of moral and spiritual phenomena as if they were

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authoritative reflections of that vast order which reveals itself only to the sane, the humble, the pure in heart. The work of a diseased man of genius often possesses the fascination which resides in pathology, and often imparts the joy of art; but it is a personal memorandum and not a record of universal truth. The exaltation of personality, which is one of the great notes of modern as contrasted with ancient literature, and the immense emphasis on the authority of individuality in a democratic society, have given us a vast, rich literature which is of the highest importance as a disclosure of what is in man, but some of which has not authority as a revelation of what life is in its fullness, nor of a man in the highest reaches of his nature. A man of genius who is insane is vastly more interesting than a commonplace lunatic, but they are both mad; and the ravings and illusions of an entire asylum do not count against the word of one sane man.

## A Saint of To-Day

**E**VERY age has its saints, but it often happens that an age does not recognize its holy men and women until the light of immortality interprets them. This lack of discernment is due, not to any unwillingness to see, but to the tenacity of accepted forms and ways of expression. Sainthood is still identified in many minds with asceticism, and the saint who appears among us, living in all the great human relations, bearing the common lot, speaking the universal human speech, passes on her way unnoticed because those who surround and love her are looking for the mediæval dress, the withdrawal from the world, the crossed hands, the downcast eyes. Blessed are the saints who sought holiness, in other times, in escape from the world, and became types of the pure and good in ages of violence, passion, and corruption. In its calendar of

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saints, as in its tender and reverent regard for the mother of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church has recognized and responded to a deep and wholesome human instinct. Men need the vision of holy men and women walking stainless along the perilous ways of life, indifferent to petty ambitions, lifted above the pride of place and power, consecrated to purity, to righteousness, to sweetness, and to service; the beautiful company of those whose lives are revelations of the heart of the Infinite, and upon whom, amid the shadows of time, the light of immortality visibly rests.

But these stainless and radiant spirits have not ceased to walk among men because ideals of service have changed their forms and the active modern age has succeeded the meditative Middle Age. The saint of to-day is not less saintly because she wears no distinctive garb and seeks no refuge from the storms of life. In all the ways of life to-day, in every field of work, in a

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thousand obscure households, there are saints who are loved, but who are not recognized. To know the saint under all garbs is, perhaps, to have something in one's self which responds to holiness; to possess something akin in its possibilities, though not in its development, to saintliness. In any event, to know the saint when she comes among us is not only to render what is due of reverence, but to receive most fully and intelligently what she has to give us.

This saint of to-day was known, as saints are always known, by her beautiful humility. When her friends addressed her, as they sometimes did with perfect sincerity but under the masque of humor, as the saint, she always and with kindred touch of humor spoke of herself as the sinner. Of the rare loveliness of her nature, the beautiful and winning sweetness of her life, she was as unconscious as is the flower of its delicate coloring; and as the flower breathes its fragrance into the air without knowing

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that virtue has gone from it, so did she exhale a rare and uplifting influence of which she took no note. In all the long and shining calendar of saints none was more simple, unaffected, and childlike in spirit than she; holiness clothed her like a garment, but she was as free from conventional pietism as the child who knows his father intimately and loves him with a perfect love is free from conventional phrases of formal affection. Life was so deeply and wholly religious to her that she had long ceased to think of it as a form of faith, a kind of activity, a field of endeavor. This childlike unconsciousness made her the most delightful of companions, the gentlest of teachers, the most faithful of friends. She could speak of the highest things without affectation; she could touch the most sensitive places without giving pain; she could make the divinest credible without the aid of text or argument. She was, indeed, a beautiful version of the Gospel in the most human speech.



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Like all true saints, she was intensely and unaffectedly human. For more than seventy years she had seen life in many remote places, had known many kinds of men, had done many kinds of work with unfailing freshness of feeling and with the strength and joy of perfect health. Then came sickness, and for seven years she lay helpless in her room, watched over with tireless vigilance and cared for with beautiful devotion; for such as she evoke from others that which they give freely from their own natures. In that change from free activity to helpless invalidism there must have been a terrible spiritual struggle; and in those long days and longer nights there must have been hours of inexpressible weariness; but no repining ever came from her lips; in the time of most acute suffering there was no touch of querulousness. She always spoke of her sufferings, if she spoke at all, in an impersonal way; *she* was always well, though her frail body was often sorely afflicted.

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Her spirit, securely housed in undisturbed and serene faith, was impregnable.

So deep was her faith that it gave her a beautiful freedom in the world; she lived joyously in her Father's house. And because she was free she had one great resource which some saints have denied themselves — a delightful and never-failing humor. This great gift, so often misunderstood, is itself an evidence of immortality. For the soul of humor is the consciousness of the contrast between the greatness of man's destiny and the absurdity of some of his interests and occupations. It is pre-eminently the resource of those who can play with the incongruities of life because they know its transcendent significance; of those who can give themselves the liberty of the house because they are at home in it. So there came to her a vivacity, an ease, a charm of disposition and of talk, which made her room a place of peace and joy and often of gayety. She was not afraid to be happy, and her happiness per-

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vaded the place in which she suffered.

Among those who read these words few will recognize the portrait; if it were otherwise, even this slight sketch could not have been written. The record is made to remind the despondent, the skeptical, the scoffing, and all who bear heavy crosses, that in this age of immense practical activity, of vast enterprises, of absorbing pursuit of the things that perish in the using, of haste, tumult, and restlessness, holy men and women still walk the earth as of old, saintly lives still bear the fruit of peace and love in quiet places, and the highest virtues still have their eloquent witnesses. Eighty-four years this saint of to-day breathed the air of the modern world, shared in its work and spoke its language, and went out of life as stainless as she entered it; leaving behind her a memory which has become part of the imperishable wealth of all who passed her way and felt the spell of her radiant spirit.

## The Mask of the Years

**T**HE sunlight has marked the hours for centuries on old dials in English gardens, but there remains no record of their number or their beginning. In the heart of the earth there are ancient memories which have been deciphered; and men have kept, for a part of their life in the world, a register of their thoughts and deeds. But no one knows when time began, nor does any one foresee its ending. So accustomed are we to its divisions and sub-divisions that we forget that it has no real existence outside our own minds. It is a universal convention, but it is only a convention; something agreed upon and accepted for convenience; an accommodation to our limited vision and knowledge. So long has this convention been established and so universal is its acceptance that we have fallen into the habit of setting it in anti-

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thesis with eternity; forgetting that it is only a very imperfect attempt to bring eternity within the range of our experience and to make it, if not comprehensible, at least usable. Time is one way of reckoning the bit of eternity which our earth or our race remembers. There is nothing outside ourselves which corresponds to it; it is a convenient and necessary fiction; eternity is the only reality.

The time-sense is of importance because it helps us to give our lives order and to keep us in working relations with our fellows; but it is the sense of eternity which makes deep thinking and noble living possible. Time is a little section of the great whole which is eternity; it is a detail in a great plan; to live as if it were all of life, to see things as if their time-relations expressed their real significance, to value our opportunities and tasks and burdens as if they were related to the years which we number, is to put a part in place of the whole and to miss the

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meaning and glory of living. It has been said of Dante that he saw life under the aspect of eternity. When he looked at the seed, the tree stood before him; when he saw the sowing, he saw in the same vision the harvesting; in every act he discerned a cause whose effect was present, in every deed he foresaw the fruitage in power or in misery. He did not look ahead; he simply looked into the heart of things; he saw things through the sense of eternity. The greatness and the terror of "The Divine Comedy" lies in the fact that it destroys the fiction of time and makes us suddenly aware that on this very to-day, the hours of which are registered on dials in sunny gardens, we are in eternity.

In so far as art is noble and significant it annihilates the sense of time and brings us face to face with the beauty and the terror of eternity. The Sistine Madonna sets the mother in the light of eternity, and all heads are uncovered and all voices are hushed in the sudden discernment of

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the meaning of motherhood in that language of the spirit which is the speech of eternity, when all disguises are torn away and the divinity of true living is revealed. The "Last Judgment" fills us with awe, not because it is a picture of a great event to come in some distant age, but because it makes us aware that we are sifted, tried, and judged hour by hour, and that the great artist has dramatized in a moment of time the eternal process. There are portrait-painters who have such power of divination, of penetrating the mask of the countenance to the character, that their canvases are revelations of the eternal elements in the nature of the man or woman behind the touches and moldings of time. Whenever the soul comes into view, the man is seen under the aspect of eternity. It is one of the highest services of art that it shows life under the aspects of eternity; the fiction of time dissolves under the searching glance of the great artist or thinker. Shakespeare's genius lies in the unique

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power with which he gives us the feature of the time and the hidden soul which is eternal behind it; the graphic dramatic force with which he delineates the deed, the masterful insight with which he relates it to the man and his fortunes.

In this double power the Bible is unique among the books of the world. Concrete, pictorial, historic, it flashes light at every turn on the ultimate results and conditions; picturing with marvelous vividness the sowing of the seed, it instantly discloses the harvest. In this lies its pervading, prophetic quality; its steady discernment of the things that are to come because at every stage it lays bare the hidden process which, in the eye of the prophet, is accomplished as soon as it is set in motion. So the Christ moves to his martyrdom with such certainty that long before the star shines over Bethlehem the agony of the cross is announced.

The years come out of the great silence in unbroken succession because we need



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their divisions in our endeavor to realize, in daily experience, the continuity of eternity. They give us something to grasp and use; but they must not confuse or blind us to the truth that the life we now live is eternal, and that while we number our years and distinguish them one from another, we are already in eternity. To-morrow is already in to-day; the distant future is part of this swiftly departing present. What we think and do in this brief instant we are and shall be in the far-off cycles to which we move. Our deeds are not of the day; they are of eternity. Below all the shiftings and changes, the moods and emotions, the depressions and exaltations, something indestructible is shaping itself as surely as below the bareness and icy bondage of winter a vast life is organizing itself.

Our sorrows are registered by the days, but if the root of submission and faith is in them they are as certainly overpast as if already the shadows were gone and the

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heavens were soft and gracious over our heads. So far as the righteous are able to look through the mask of the years, light is not only sown for them; it already floods the skies. So far as the high purpose is deep-rooted and loyally held, nobility and strength and freedom are already achieved. So far as love is pure, unselfish, and sacrificial, it is already safe against the ravages of death. Life is not yet at the flood, but it is ours as truly as if we were in full possession of its unbounded resources; the perfect stature is yet afar off, but if the law of growth is working in us, it is already ours as surely as if we had completely attained. The sorrows which the years bring the years take away; they are of the time and the place, and we are not the slaves of time and place; but our joys, having their source in the soul, are indestructible. In the darkest night we know that the day is below the horizon; the shadow on the dial does not confuse us; we know that the sun is on the way. In our deepest

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griefs, if we look into our souls, the joy of eternal possession already stirs; it needs but the ripening of our faith and patience to bear its perfect flower. The life of love is not counted by the years; once born in the heart, it abides forever. Sown in the furrows of time, it blooms in those immortal fields where no shadows wait to hide the sun and no chill of death checks the eternal growth.

## Love and Work

**I**DEALISM as an interpretation of life, a vision of ultimate ends and conditions, has always won to itself the ardent, the poetic, and the high-minded — the great company of seekers after light and love in every generation, who rebel against the hardness and injustice of the world, hate its noise and brutality, its fierce competitions and its stolid indifference to the defeated. Even in the presence of the great purpose which runs through the visible order of things and the society in which men have arranged themselves, and which has come to light, as one of the most spiritual men of the day has said, just in time to save some of the best men and women from despair, it is hard for the sensitive and aspiring and tender-hearted to bear the sorrows of the world and to sit with a cheerful spirit while so many losses ravage the

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homes that are dear to them and despoil the best fortunes of men. There are hosts of men and women who go through life with a noble discontent in their hearts, a sense of loneliness and isolation in their souls; they are homesick for a world in which men help instead of smite, bind up instead of wound, are quick to recognize the good instead of eager to find the evil, stand ready in all crises to rebuild the fallen, are patient of spirit with the weak, love the sinner while they loathe the sin, are kindly in speech because kindly in thought, are indifferent to external conditions because conditions are the happenings of life while the soul is its great and enduring reality, are bound together in a vast conspiracy to cheer, to aid, to give heart and hope, to make the highways of life bloom with spontaneous kindnesses, and to make the lonely world a warm, hospitable, many-windowed home for all who pass this way on the journey of life.

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If the truth were told, what confessions of solitude, of heartache, of loneliness of spirit, would come like a flood from those whom men count happy because they are intrenched against the blows of disaster by all manner of material possession! "The heart knoweth his own bitterness" is one of the truest and saddest of all the summings up of experience in the Book of Proverbs; and where there is no bitterness there is always loneliness. In whatever circumstances men are born in this world, they are all born in exile; and in exile palaces are often as prison-like as hovels.

This is the penalty of immortality; the price we pay for the birthright of the divine in us. To have the power of creating heaven in the imagination is to bare one's heart to the coldness and hardness of the world; to see Paradise at a distance is to make the desert in which we are traveling more barren and lonely. As one who loves the sweetness of the open meadow, the solitude of

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woods, and the cool musing of running brooks finds the noise and odor and crowding of the city almost intolerable, so those who carry a vision of heaven in their souls find the unkindness, the tumult, and the hardness of this present world almost unbearable. They have often fled from it and sought refuge in isolation; they have made homes for themselves in the vast quiet of the Nile valley, they have built monasteries on almost inaccessible heights, they have buried themselves out of the sight and sound of the world in all manner of lonely refuges. But wherever they have gone they have carried the passionate human heart with them, and even when they have found the peace which sometimes flows out of the heart of silence, they have never found the perfect society, the cloudless day of joy, the redeemed world.

If Idealism were at bottom an explanation of life as it reveals itself within the limits of time, it would often seem the

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idlest of dreams, the most untenable of philosophies; but it is a solution of the great problem only at the end of a world-wide and an almost illimitable process of growth and unfolding; it is the vision of an ultimate perfection, not a statement of present conditions; it is, at the heart, a glimpse into the great mystery of education which makes this life not only bearable but marvelously spiritual and hope-inspiring.

The Idealism which lies within every man's reach and in every man's need is surrender to the urgent and passionate desire to give his own spirit the shape and quality of the divine spirit, and to create in himself those traits and that attitude which he yearns to find wrought into the fiber of society; to be in his own soul that which he wishes all men were. Conditions, whether easy or difficult, are secondary; the eternal element of peace and happiness lies in every man's soul, beyond the reach of accident. They who seek heaven must take



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refuge in their own spirits, not in some solitary place at a distance; and they must find it, not in more congenial circumstances, but in a freer and nobler putting forth of the best in themselves. The true Idealist is not a dreamer in a world of realities which make his dream incredible, nor is he a refugee escaping from conditions which he cannot bear to a more comfortable place; he is a man who is patiently and often painfully shaping his life in harmony with an inward purpose; who is mastering crude materials that he may make the vision in whose light he lives shine before the eyes of men whose sight is less clear than his; who is doing commonplace things in a spirit which gives them the beauty of a high purpose, as the great architect redeems the meanness of the hidden stone by the splendor of the structure in which it finds its place.

Men are made happy, not by the things which surround them nor by the

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things which they take to themselves, but by the noble putting forth of the soul in love and work; the two great activities which are never divorced in the harmonious and balanced life, the two languages in which every true Idealist makes confession of his faith and gives evidence of its reality. For love is the ultimate expression of faith, and without works faith is a vain shadow of reality.

## A Text from Luther

**L**UTHER, who at his best had command of that kind of speech which combines clearness of statement, beauty of imagination, and warmth of heart, whose words, as Carlyle has said, were "half battles," has left an exhortation to fraternal love and sacrifice which is a noble sermon compacted into a paragraph: "Every Christian should be unto his fellow-man a willing servant, willing to help and aid his neighbor, even as God acts towards us through Christ. Thus all of God's gifts must flow from one into the other and be common to all, flowing from Christ to us, from us to our neighbor, who stands in need thereof." These words might be taken as a description of the fundamental office of the Christian Church, which is not only to bear testimony to the Christ who lived and died nineteen hundred years

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ago, but to share with all men that truth which he communicated, to divide with all men the love of which his life was the supreme expression, and to include all men in the universal care of God.

For the individual man or woman who is trying to repeat the life of Christ these words have the most searching significance. Over the portal of every day's life they ought to be written; for unless the truth which they contain is practiced, there is no real religion. The final evidence of religion is always the fruit it bears. No conformity to creed, no rigidity of observation of ritual, no devotion to any church as an organization, no ritualistic act or service, can be the final test of the love of Christ in a man's heart. The final test of the presence of that love is always the disposition to treat others as Christ treats us, to do unto others as Christ has done unto us, and to illustrate in our relations with others the charity, kindness, and sacrificial spirit which gave the life of Christ

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and his death their beautiful and supreme significance. In the clamor of contending interpretations of the Christian life, in the tumult of antagonistic claims of authority from this church or from that, in all the uncertainty of thought, or practice, or of organization which prevails throughout the world to-day, the spirit of Christ manifested in our relations with our fellows is the definite and fixed thing which any man or woman may learn and which every man and woman ought to practice. Better a thousand times heterodoxy of opinion than heterodoxy of spirit; better a thousand times the imperfect ritual than the selfish heart. It is best to think right and to worship God wisely and nobly; but if the Bible teaches anything definitely, it teaches the great fundamental fact that what the Infinite cares for supremely is not correctness of opinion or of ritual, but the right spirit, not only towards man, but towards every creature He has made. This is the test to which the Old Testa-

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ment, through its great teachers, was constantly bringing the Jewish people; and it is one of the awful tragedies of the race that those who were highest in the Church, most orthodox in opinion, most scrupulous in ritual, failed most completely to interpret and practice the spirit of Christ. No man is saved by his orthodoxy, but any man may be saved by his life; no man is saved by his churchmanship, but any man may be saved by his character.

Men are not likely to undervalue the importance of correct opinion and proper ritual, but they have shown a constant tendency to undervalue and obscure the supreme importance of the right relations toward their fellows; and Luther's words, spoken in the sixteenth century, are as applicable to the twentieth century as if they had been written by a contemporary prophet or teacher. In the exact degree in which God's gifts in our keeping are made common to all, in which the spirit of Christ received by us is illustrated in

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our lives, in which the love of God, accepted by us, is not only passed on, but interpreted by our own attitude toward others in thought, word, and deed, have we a right to consider ourselves followers of Christ.

## The Escape from Fear

**T**HE story of man in this world is the story of getting away from fear. Fear was the universal shadow that rested over the fore-fathers of the race. They were afraid of everything, and they had reason to be, because everything seemed hostile to them. Even now, after thousands of years of observation, experience, discovery, and obedience, there are moments when nature seems to be the enemy of man in spite of the fact that science has taught us that nature is our beneficent and wonderful friend of whose services the achievements of the magicians were faint symbols. The earliest men were surrounded by perils which must have sunk deep into their consciousness and made life one prolonged and painful watchfulness. The sun smote them with fire; the winter froze them with ice; the great storms, which they



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could not predict and against which they could not provide, destroyed them; wild beasts, poisonous serpents and venomous insects devoured or poisoned them; tempests swept their fragile homes out of existence; the lightning blasted them; disease came out of the ground; and death awaited them at every turn.

And when, in the crude beginnings of thought, they felt the presence of a personal power behind all these forces, that power was malignant and threatening. The fear of God with early men was a cowering and crushing fear. God was pursuing them; their safety lay in escaping his attention. He was angry with them; they placated him. He was jealous of them; they concealed their good fortune. He was envious of them; they hardly dared to be happy. A man's life was a long struggle to protect himself from a God who beset him behind and before, not to protect, but to blight and destroy.

And to the first men their fellow-men

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were as dangerous as nature and God. The stranger was necessarily an enemy; to meet him safely one must always be ready with a weapon or with a blow. All differences of race, of country, of language, were the symbols of an alienation full of hatred and antagonism. Before the first Christmas fear was a universal emotion, and such happiness and peace as man got out of life he snatched with a fearful joy of escaping the relentless bitterness of nature, the jealousies of the gods, and the antagonism and hatred of his fellows. When the shepherds saw the angels above their flocks, their first feeling was not one of exaltation and joy, but of fear; and the first words the angels said were spoken to calm those fears. Before the great and beautiful hymn which heaven has sung on earth, "Peace and good will towards men," could be heard the angels had to say, "Fear not!"

The fear of God in the old blasting sense of the word ended when Christ

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came to cast out fear and to write in its place another word, "Love." He came to teach men that even the things that seemed unfriendly were expressions of the divine friendship, and the disasters, sorrows, and hardships of life had behind them the intelligence of an infinite love. Ever since that message came men have been slowly casting out fear. Life long ago ceased to mean for them an attempt to elude the anger of God and has become an opportunity; not a thing to run away from, but to run into, so to speak; for, as Phillips Brooks once said, "The way to escape from God is to escape into him;" that is to say, to accept the order of life as it is revealed in our experience as a discipline of love and not of anger. Fear makes men cowards, and the coward is as brutal in his panic as the savage. Fear turns civilized men into savages, and humanity is never so base as when it is seeking in a great crisis to protect itself instead of seeking to protect others. For the spirit

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of Christ is the spirit of a love which casteth out fear, not only because it teaches that the order of life is divinely fashioned, but because, by substituting the love of others for the love of self, it makes us indifferent to personal danger.

There is no place in the world for fear if one's heart is set to deal justly, to walk humbly, to help gratefully, and to forget one's self. The greater the danger, the greater the need for that valiant spirit which enables a man to walk quietly down to his own death because he is concerned not for himself but for others.

The root of love is faith in the goodness of God, and faith is to be used, not when the skies are cloudless, but when they are black; not when there is light on all the paths, but when darkness covers the whole face of the earth and the paths are hidden in a vast confusion.

## Praying and Waiting

**I**T is easy to pray for things but hard to wait for them; and we often rush to the conclusion that because prayers are not answered in a moment they are not answered at all. A little thought would end this kind of skepticism and give us patience to wait on the Lord without repining or sinking of heart. Great blessings sometimes come suddenly, but none before they have been prepared for by some kind of spiritual training; great orators sometimes suddenly come to light in apparently commonplace careers, but not unless there have been rich possibilities hidden beneath the routine of daily work. No man, in any great crisis, shows a gift for speech or action of heroism unless the germs of those things were already in him. Great moments do not put great qualities into the souls of men; they simply reveal what is already there.

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The fruits of character cannot be realized until the seeds of nobility have had time to grow; and education of some kind must precede all forms of sustained strength. Weak men have often, by prayer, been made strong in critical moments, but they acquire the habit of strength only by exercise. The weak arm does not become muscular by taking thought, but by taking exercise; the irritable temper is not made sweet by a sudden act of will, but by patient repression of an unhappy tendency; the man of unclean mind is not cleansed because he resolves to be white, but because he forms the habit of purity. We are continually asking God to give us the fruits of character without the discipline of training, not realizing that we are asking him to do for us the work that alone would strengthen our muscles and give us the power we crave. We ask to be fed by a miracle instead of tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest with our own hands, and so

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getting strength from the soil. He is ready to help us in any time of need, but moral help must be secured by moral exertion; we must not ask God to pauperize us. Men ought to pray every day for sweetness of temper, since the lack of it blights countless homes and neutralizes many noble qualities; but they ought to remember that sweetness is born out of the subjection of strength, the mastery of temper, the control of the tones of voice, and that to gain the blessed gift one must wait on the Lord, and let education give prayer its ultimate effectiveness.

## The Bugle Call

**Y**EARS ago, in a foreign city, long after midnight, a bugle rang out clear and penetrating in the darkness that comes before dawn. It pierced the deepest recesses of sleep and sounded the great note of action and adventure. To what duty it summoned and whither it led they only knew to whom it was a command; but a great company of those who came out of their dreams to hear it were shaken by its imperative call, and must remember it as an impersonal symbol of that divine voice which from time to time rings in the innermost courts of a man's soul with the music of great deeds on noble fields. Hosts of men are paralyzed because they hear no voices save those that weaken and betray them — the voices of their weariness, indecision, skepticism, weakness. They sleep on their arms as if no fight were to be won, no soul to be saved from its baser



## The Bugle Call

passions, its cowardly moods. If they rouse themselves, it is to take account of their discomfort; to note that the night is dark, the air cold, the ground hard. They lie bound hand and foot in a stupor of uncertainty and discouragement. They complain of their hardships, repine at their inaction, waste their courage and strength in hollow excuses and evasions. So intent are they on their deprivations that they forget the cause which they set out to serve and curse the leaders whom they no longer follow. Again and again the bugle rings out on the night, but they sleep on and take their rest even while the Master is betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

They drug themselves with the narcotics of fatalism, of the irresistible power of circumstances, of the overwhelming force of the obstacles which surround them; they lull themselves into sleep with a thousand excuses and evasions. If they had been equipped with different arms, been under another com-

## Fruits of the Spirit

mand, had another sort of drill, been better cared for, received a larger measure of strength, they would have done such heroic things and won victories on such glorious fields! And while they lie in a stupor of weakness the bugles ring and a thousand men about them spring to arms and march singing to the good fortune of those dangers in which men rise to sublime heights of self-forgetful courage. The chance which is the divine opportunity of life comes to them all, and they make that great refusal which defeats the very ends for which they were made and leaves them laggards and deserters; while their fellows, who carry the same weapons, are chilled by the same air, and endure the same hardness, arise and are gone before the dawn. Among the pitiful tragedies of life there is none more pitiful than that which overtakes the man who is more intent on his discomforts and the things which are denied him than on his opportunities of work and self-denial and service.

## The Bugle Call

Savonarola was one of those whose career is beset with every sort of difficulty, whose path is hard and solitary, who is alone in a world of enemies. He might have cried out to his Leader that the task laid upon him was too great for his strength, that the fight was against overwhelming odds, that if he was to win he ought to have had a thousand things which were denied him. But he thought not of his weakness but of the strength of his cause, not of his danger but of the greatness of the service to which he was called, not of his hardships but of his glorious chance to live and die fighting the good fight of faith. To him, as to all men, came the doubts, the questionings, the weariness, the sense of great weakness; and there is a little poem of his in which he tells us how he met them:

“ Down by the road of evil  
Wanders my spirit;  
If it receive not succor,  
It will die shortly.

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The Devil he deceives it  
With his false reasoning;  
The senses they promise it  
Every possible pleasure;  
The world ever invites it  
To indulge itself in iniquity:  
My spirit thus tempted,  
Who now will help it? —

Help thyself, good-for-nothing,  
With the gift that God gives thee;  
Thou hast full power  
To make thyself worthy.

*Thou canst not be conquered  
Save thou art willing.*  
Stronger is grace  
Than every adversity.”

There are times when a man must say to his own spirit, “Up, thou sluggard, and away; the bugle calls; the day of battle dawns.” Let no man be deceived; the fortunes of his soul are in his own hands. He may beguile himself for a time with the dream of fatalism, but even while he dreams he knows in his heart that he is deceiving himself. He

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may talk of his limitations, his difficulties, his conditions, his temperament; but in his heart he knows that these are mere subterfuges; that he has bound himself with imaginary fetters, and that if he will arise and stand erect these illusive bonds will fall from him. He may not be able to do the work of some other man, but he can do his own work, and that is all that is required. Every man has the strength to do his duty if he chooses to put it forth, to be a man and not a dumb, driven creature, the mere shape of a man driven like a cloud of dust across the field of life by the wind of destiny. He may go to suffering, hardness, and death, as Savonarola did; but these things are mere incidents; the great thing is that he shall strive and not sleep. The prodigal slept long, but he heard the call at last, awoke, and became a man once more when he turned from the beasts and said, "I will go to my father."

## The Upper Room

**W**HEN the first day of unleavened bread came, Jesus sent Peter and John into the city, and told them that they would meet a man whom they were to follow and who would show them a room in which the passover could be eaten. "He will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared; there make ready for us. . . . When the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him." No scene in history is more simple in its setting, none more memorable. It has been described with beautiful and reverent eloquence; it has been painted with suprême skill by a master of the art; it has been rehearsed times without number in many different forms, according to the most diverse rituals; it has been observed as a simple breaking of bread and pouring of wine, and it has been celebrated at blazing

## The Upper Room

altars by richly vested priests; but its innermost significance can never be entirely expressed in any worship nor formulated in any creed. The beauty and wonder of it lie on the further side of any kind of language which men have fashioned to give ease to their souls.

But one great fact stands out in this wonderful scene: the upper room was the place of meeting between the Christ and his Apostles! It will remain forever the symbol of the communion between God and man; the quiet place, hidden from the world, where man meets God and is fed by the bread of life; that food by which the soul lives, bestowed only by the hand of God. The world is full of men and women who have eaten the fruit of every tree except the tree of life, who partake of everything that gives vigor to the body, but never sit at the invisible table where that bread is spread which makes one stronger than death. Among all the manifold ironics of life there is none so terrible as the well-nour-

## Fruits of the Spirit

ished body and the starving soul. As there are beautiful faces in which no spirit irradiates the mask of bones and flesh, so there are prosperous men and women whose lot awakens the envy of their fellows whose outward success is without spiritual dignity or meaning. Men can exist without the words that proceed from the mouth of God, but they cannot live without them. They build themselves palaces and lay the skill of the world under contribution to make them stately without and luxurious within, but they provide no upper room. They open their doors wide and entertain their friends lavishly, but there is no place for God under the roof. There are magnificent rooms where guests are welcomed with royal splendor, there are great galleries into which are gathered the treasures of many ages and countries but there is no upper room.

The activities and rewards of the time are so engrossing that many high-minded and pure-hearted people find no time for



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meditation and communion in the upper room. Many of them are so bent on helping their fellows that they forget whence cometh their help; they are so eager to share the sorrows of their fellows that they forget Him who bore the cross up the steep way to Calvary; they are so drained by the duties they take up that they lose the inspiration which makes duty the channel through which love pours itself out; they listen with such passionate attention to the cries for help that come from the world around them that they no longer hear the still, small voice of the Father of all men. In the house of the generous and self-sacrificing, as in the houses of the selfish and hard-hearted, there is no upper room.

And yet no man can live without God! It is true, he comes in a thousand forms and speaks many languages; but it is also true that men must make ready the room in which they can meet him face to face. Where there is no upper room, the house, however nobly appointed and dedi-

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cated, may remain a place of courage and arduous endeavor, but it ceases to be a place of contagious hope, of that vision which enables men to look at the sorrows of the arid lives without losing heart in the infinite love. For those who give themselves to works of mercy and stand ready to help in the highways, no less than for those who feed their bodies and starve their souls, the upper room is not only a place of refuge, it is a necessity of the higher nature; and the more exacting the work becomes, and the greater its interest and reward, the more pressing is the need of the upper room where the tumult of the world dies into silence and the ambitions of the world shrink into the rewards of a passing hour, and man talks with his God.

## The Price of Immortality

SHAKESPEARE gives Polonius a prominent place in the early part of "Hamlet," and then allows him to be ignominiously mistaken for a rat and killed. This end was due to Polonius; but Shakespeare must have found great satisfaction in bringing it about. For Polonius was essentially a coward and an atheist. He was always warning people to beware of life; he proposed to put everybody in a chain armor of selfish caution. The substance of his advice to his son and to all the others to whom he talked was: "Get money; avoid friends; beware of life!" George Macdonald said that Polonius would have been right if the devil had been God. But in a universe in which the devil is the devil and God is God Polonius was tragically wrong. His attitude made it impossible for him to believe anything, and he was therefore incapable of understanding anything.

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The only man who greatly succeeds is the man who believes. The unbelieving man tries to conduct the business of life alone; he refuses to enter into partnership with the great force behind life. He suspects that force, fears it, and tries to protect himself from it. He makes, therefore, the smallest possible investment of his affections, his convictions, his energy. Instead of taking possession of the great House of Life and living in it like an heir to whom it has come by honorable inheritance, he bolts the doors and bars the windows, locks his treasures in the innermost room, watches for thieves, and dreads earthquakes and tempests. He never takes the privileges of an heir of the world or of a son of God. No man can really make a success in the supreme business of living unless he goes into partnership with the force behind life, invests everybody that he is and has, and commits himself gladly and boldly to that force which some people call righteousness and others call God.

## The Price of Immortality

The phrase "growing up with a community," which is often heard in this country, is significant of one great element of success. Those men who foresee the growth of a locality, identify themselves with it, and make investment in it are lifted often on a rising tide of prosperity to great wealth. They are not speculators; for the speculator is a gambler. They are far-sighted men, with the prophetic instinct; they have faith enough to commit themselves to the larger fortunes of a community; and so they found great fortunes on insight, observation, and faith.

Browning was the prophet of those who take God at his word; who believe that the invisible forces behind life are friendly and bear one forward. Those who yield to these forces are carried to great prosperities of soul. Men and women of the Polonius type of mind never make great ventures; they never put their talents out at interest, but bury them in a napkin. In the great House

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of Life they lie awake at night because they think they hear burglars or smell smoke. They never hoist sail and put boldly out to sea; they keep within sight of the shore. But the sea captain fears no storm, however violent, if he has plenty of sea room; the wrecks line the shore. Of course life is full of danger; and many things may happen to bring pain and sorrow to those who are bold because they believe profoundly in the power behind life. But the man who greatly loses is a nobler man than he who ignominiously succeeds. As a rule, the bold men who act on their faith make the great achievements; but even when they fail to command eternal success they gain nobility of soul. "He makes noble shipwreck who is lost in seeking worlds."

If the devil were God, caution would be a supreme duty; but because God is God the supreme duty is courage. Opportunity is never separated from danger, and love always evokes the possibility of sorrow; but he would be a dull man who

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would avoid adventure because peril is bound up with it; and he would miss the whole beauty and meaning of life who would never permit himself to make a great venture of his affection because death may go with love. It is the mortal part that fears, it is the immortal part that dares; and the great trials are the price we pay for our immortality. If, to-day, Dante, far on in the paradise of which he dreamed cares for the fame which shines like a light over the whole world, he does not count those weary years of exile from Florence too great a price to have paid. Lincoln, looking down on a reunited family bound together for the first time in a household of love, does not feel that his martyrdom was too great a price to have paid for such a result. The great things are always to be greatly paid for. An immortal spirit cannot be put into a mortal body to live a mortal life without exposure to the changes, sorrows, and shadows of death which are a part of mortality. But

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the brave man does not shrink from the toil and danger to which his very greatness calls him in some noble task, and the immortal spirit ought to be willing to face, to pay the price of, its own immortality.

The choice between following the mortal or the immortal nature is laid upon us all. Happy are those who dare to believe in God and to act, not as if immortality were coming to them, but as if it were already theirs.



## Light in the Darkness

“**M**Y faith holds, but I cannot see my way,” writes a man who is trying to live in the spirit of Christ. The experience is neither uncommon nor unhappy; for a secure anchorage of the soul is the main thing in life. To see one’s way has a great deal to do with happiness, but nothing to do with safety; to be able to follow the path step by step through fog and storm brings one to the end of the journey as certainly as to follow it in the sunshine. Some men see farther than others, but no man sees the whole course from start to finish; the greatness of the way makes that impossible. The essential thing in the life of faith is not sight, but faith; in faith lies the discipline of the spirit, the firm and final setting of the will, the deep spiritual education that is born of patience, of waiting in hope, of the slow strengthening of the habit of trust.

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Clearness of vision, the constant sense of divine guidance, the joy of cloudless faith, are the possession of few men and women; for this radiancy of belief is a kind of religious genius, and genius is the possession of a little group out of countless millions. They are many who, in lesser degree, walk in the light; some because they are buoyant by temperament, some because the experiences that drive the spirit back on itself pass them by; a few because prosperity shields them from the knowledge of the tragic facts of life, from the shock of contact with the misery of the world. But these exceptionally comfortable men and women are counted fortunate only by those who do not see the tremendous significance of life. Prosperity is not a matter of easy conditions, but of large opportunity; to live in a palace, shut away from sorrow and care, is one of the supreme misfortunes of a life that is planned, not for ease, but for education; and the unluckiest boy in the world is the boy who is allowed to

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play during the years when he ought to be at school.

The faith that holds one securely when the mists cover the earth or the storms sweep over it is a matter, not of temperament or fortunate conditions, but of deep and enduring conviction. The gates of hell, which are sometimes opened on a man and let loose a stormy mob of temptations or doubts, cannot prevail against it; and he who possesses it is impreguably intrenched against their attacks. He is never caught unawares or in ambush; for his strength does not lie in his moods or his clearness of vision; it lies in himself. If he is plunged in the thick darkness of that depression in which men of weaker faith throw down their arms in despair, he stands steadfast and immovable; it is not his to choose the light or the darkness; his duty is to stand resolutely where he is placed, and there he holds his post like a soldier. If doubts gather thick around him and shut all the doors of hope, he waits, hopeless for

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the moment, but incorruptibly loyal to his Master. It was in this temper that Childe Roland passed unfaltering through the horror of desolation, the slung horn at his lips, until he came to the dark tower, undaunted by visible and invisible terrors, never for a moment in danger of any power outside himself.

It is in such darkness that the soul grows strong and faith justifies itself by the inward strength that increases unawares in the man and makes great deeds easy; and great deeds in turn breed great natures and open the paths to those ultimate heights whence a world stretches in unbroken sunshine and the heavens are cloudless from horizon to horizon. To a few men the pilgrimage of life leads through unbroken light; to most men the light is intermittent and there are long leagues of journeying through bleak and shadowy countries; but that man is happy whose course takes him where steadfastness waits on courage and light comes not as a gift, but as an achievement.

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There is a peace that comes to him whose fight has been lonely and at times without hope of victory that gets its depth and sweetness from the fierceness of the struggle through which it is won; there is a purity that is the cleansing of fire; there is a final certainty that is victory snatched from a thousand doubts. The very throne of God is set round with clouds and darkness, and the last venture of faith across the river of death is not made on a massive highway over the flood, but on stepping-stones receding in mist as faith passes calmly into the darkness that comes before the day breaks and the night is gone forever.

## Stirring the Will

**T**HE familiar prayer in the Episcopal Prayer-Book for the Sunday before Advent, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen," goes to the very heart of the religious life; for the root of that life is not in the emotions, nor in the intellectual convictions, but in the will. This prayer, recited for many generations, has given its name to the day on which it is used, and "Stir-up Sunday" is a phrase which conveys a challenge.

Most men, when they feel deeply, give their emotions some form of expression; but expression is largely a matter of temperament. It is not a test of religious experience, nor is it, as it has sometimes been thought to be, the conclusive evi-

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dence of a changed nature. It is often the accompaniment of the change, but it is not the change itself. For this reason the dramatic and spectacular repentance of the criminal or the man of evil life is always looked upon with more or less suspicion. There is a sound instinct in the demand that a great sinner shall prove the reality of his repentance by his full and sincere recognition of the enormity of his offense; and when a man feels profoundly rather than dramatically the enormity of his sin, he is likely to flee from the public gaze and to seek in silence and solitude a place of penitence. The great sinner who takes the newspapers into his confidence when he makes an "about-face" is often sincere: but he is rarely a man of deep feeling or of a clear-cut conscience. The transition from a life of moral anarchy to one of submission to the Divine Will is sometimes dramatic in its suddenness, but it is rarely used as dramatic material by a man of deep experience and sincerity.

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Many people are troubled because the life of faith does not lie before their feet, defined by sunshine; others doubt the reality of their surrender to the Divine Will because their emotions are not touched and life does not become instantly "one grand sweet song." This means generally that emotion is not the natural expression of their temperament. Religion is not a reality in a man's life until it takes hold of his will; and a man becomes a Christian, not when he says, "I feel" or "I believe," but when he says "I will." For it is only as a man wills to make his belief a part of his life that he passes out of the region of intellectual assent into the region of vital religion.

He who is doing the will of God persistently in the face of uncertainty and, for long periods, without joy, is the kind of Christian of which this world stands in sore need. He will never betray his trust, nor faint by the way, nor lose himself in the mists and fogs of changing



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opinion. He has the virtue of a soldier — he obeys orders. It is never a question with him whether orders are agreeable or not; whether he is getting the recognition he deserves; whether he is passed over and other men are promoted. It is only a question of his understanding his orders and obeying them.

In these agitated and critical times Christians may well pray for the descent of the Spirit on all the churches, and for the coming of one of those great waves of devout feeling which sometimes pass through society. But the emphasis of its prayer ought to be on the words, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

## Life, Growth, and Heaven

**W**HEN people thought of the life of man as the expression of a divine purpose mysteriously frustrated, and of the earth as a great ship which had drifted onto the rocks and from which a few fortunate souls were saved by supernatural lifeboats, Heaven was a harbor for those who survived the great disaster. The supreme effort was to save one's self in a lost world; and to land in safety was to be in a state of bliss — a fixed condition of perpetual thanksgiving for rescue.

There were always those to whom a vision of the divine nature brought a divine thought of Heaven, and for whom, behind the most literal and rigid conception, there was a glory like a golden sunset behind a sharply defined landscape. In the ordered world of Dante, the static world of the Middle Ages, Heaven was a place of ineffable beauty

## Life, Growth, and Heaven

bathed in the white light of perfect holiness. But it was still primarily a place of safety; the very whiteness testified to the blackness of the world. That world had been succeeded by a Heaven in which those who had escaped the great condemnation chanted their gratitude in unending songs of praise. Heaven was a static state of bliss.

The Middle Ages differed fundamentally from the modern age in the omnipresence of the thought of death and the absence of the idea of progress. The mediæval imagination was obsessed with the thought of death; it haunted the happiest hours; its shadow fell on the noblest companionship; it lay in wait at every turn of the road; art made it terrible by a ghastly realism; Everyman was always moving, reluctant and shrinking, to his open grave; the symbols on the tombs were the symbols of mortality; the image of the crucified Christ faced one on all sides, the risen Christ was seen only over a few great altars.

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And the mediæval world was stationary; men stood in fixed ranks and expected to remain in the state in which they were born. Society was arranged, so to speak, in tiers, like the audience in a great opera-house. Rank rose above rank, and the doors between the ranks were closed. Now and again a great man broke through the barriers and made his way from the lower to the higher places; but, outside the priesthood, the fixed order seemed to mark the permanent structure of society. Of the forward movement of humanity, of a divine intention enfolding all things and bearing them onward, of an "increasing purpose" running through the ages and making history significant, there was no thought save in a few prophetic minds.

To-day the thoughts of men are dominated by life, and death has become an incident in the unbroken life of the spirit; an incident enveloped in mystery, but still an incident, not a final, decisive event. We accept no obstacles to life as in-

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surmountable; the insane are no longer given over to hopeless madness; the lepers are not driven away with stones and curses and compelled to proclaim themselves unclean; punishment for crime is no longer torture — it is corrective, like the surgeon's knife; blindness is no longer a state of helplessness — the blind are taught to see with their minds; defective children are educated; and society, accepting no defect or degradation as final, is becoming a great organization for overcoming disease with health and death with life. The memorials of those whom we call dead are no longer the skull and crossbones, the hour-glass and the skeleton; they recall great moments thrilling with life — Farragut with his field-glass in his hand, Sherman riding to victory, Lincoln erect and commanding in the majesty of his noble simplicity. Even the mysterious figure in the Washington cemetery, from the hand of the most distinguished of American sculptors, is charged with vitality as it stands,

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baffled for the moment, but with unspent power. The figure which dominates the religious imagination of the world is not the dying but the living Christ, who brought life and immortality to light, and who came that men might have life more abundantly.

And to a static has succeeded a dynamic world; a world that was not made but has grown and still grows like the living thing it is; not a noble piece of mechanism finished by the hand of God and sent whirling into space to move by an impulse imparted once for all in the pre-beginning of things, but the thought and purpose of the Infinite taking form and motion, sustained moment by moment by the power of God, the witness of his constant presence, the imitation of his thought, growing hour by hour under his hand. And society is no longer stationary, but becomes more and more a living and growing organism, enlarging its vision of opportunity, opening its doors, adapting its institutions to the needs of

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its deepening and widening life. For that which is divine and immortal in the world is not social and political institutions, but the human spirit; and that which is permanent and fundamental is not the order of society, but the will and purpose and power of God behind the confusion of change and the restlessness of movement. "In Him we live and move and have our being."

More and more the thoughts of men turn to the future of the race; more and more they realize that they have only a life interest in the treasures of civilization which God has placed in their hands, and that these things must be used not selfishly, but passed on to those who are to come after them; more and more they realize their duty to children; more and more they see that the earth ought not to be primarily a workshop and incidentally a home, but primarily a home and incidentally a workshop. They believe in the upward movement of the race, and they stand ready to help it. The mod-

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ern mind is dominated by the thought of Life; and the inspiration of the modern world is its faith in Progress, which is the social application and expression of the thought of Life.

The life of the world is still full of pain and strife; and Heaven is a refuge in the thought of those upon whom crushing burdens have been laid and to whom the breath of life has meant sorrow and anguish. Heaven must always be a refuge; but it must be infinitely more. Eternity is too long for rest after the struggle of earthly life; and the fatigue of the body is not the fatigue of the spirit. The sorrows of childhood overspread the whole sky and blot out the sun; but they are forgotten the next day. It may be that the first breath in the next stage of life will make disease and sorrow a faint memory.

Nor will the chief thought of the state of being we call Heaven be a sense of rescue from a great peril; it will be a sense of joy in a glorious vision of the



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possibilities of the fuller life. Of those possibilities no man has yet dreamed; though sometimes there come moments of rapture when, for a second of time, one feels the capacity of immortal joys within him. As earth was a place of stationary orders, so was Heaven, in the thoughts of many noble souls in the Middle Ages, a place of stationary bliss, where choirs ceaselessly thank God for deliverance.

But there is, here on earth, a nobler expression of thanksgiving than the giving of thanks. Far sweeter to a noble father is his son's noble use of the opportunities put in his way than any words of gratitude; far sweeter that son's growth in mind and character, in usefulness and influence, than any expression of thanks. Love finds its supreme reward in the fulfillment of its highest hopes for child or friend.

Heaven must always be a place of refuge; but that will be only the beginning of the happiness it offers, only the

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look backward at the starting-point of a glorious liberation of the spirit. And Heaven must always be a place of gratitude; but the sweetest praise of the Infinite must be the fulfillment in His children of the divine possibilities He has wrought into their natures.

Life and growth, the divine elements in the life of man on this earth, must be the elements of man's life in all worlds, and the supreme bliss which we call Heaven must be not only escape from the limitations of earth and from the evil in the world, but complete liberation of the spirit, strength of heart for all service, vigor of mind for all truth, purity of nature for the vision of God. Heaven is not the backward but the forward look, not skirting the shore in gladness that the perils of the voyage are over, but spreading the sail with confident gladness and seeking port after port in the sublime adventure of the spirit seeking God. In that adventure Heaven will become an ineffable joy in the fulfillment of the po-

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tencies of life; not in rest, but in flight without fatigue; not in folding of the arms, but in tireless growth, will be the bliss which we call Heaven.

## The Ultimate Companionship

**B**ORN in the kindling of the imagination and sinking its roots deep in those instincts which are the records of the primitive nature and earliest education of men in this world, love rises steadily through desire, passion, possession, to a companionship so intimate and so complete that it includes and draws nourishment from every interest and occupation. This perfect companionship is not always realized even by those who love greatly and wisely; for it is the latest of the many stages through which this master passion passes, the ultimate phase in this supreme experience. For love has its appointed ways and degrees of growth, and the most tender and devoted hand cannot pluck at will those ripe fruits which attain perfection only on the westward reaches of life, when the afternoon sun lies warmest and lin-

## The Ultimate Companionship

gers longest. After the passion of youth and the deep-moving tides of maturity there comes, in the fulfillment of the promise of love, a wide, rich, reposeful harmony born in the long years of adjustment, of mutual knowledge, of fellowship in the ways and works of the days as they come with their gifts and depart with hands emptied by those who have recognized the princely possessions borne in humblest guise. As in the later autumn there falls on the world of toil and strife a peace so deep that it seems to sink to the roots of things in the earth, and so wide that all worlds seem to be folded in it—the sudden emergence of the poetry or soul of the fields out of the secret places where life is nourished; so after the vicissitudes and tumults of the years of action there comes a deep and tranquil happiness in which all things partake, and in partaking catch the light of the spirit which hides within all material forms and shapes.

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This complete surrender of personality to personality, in which the self-fulfillment of the Western idealist is accomplished by the self-effacement which the Eastern idealist pursues as the end of the earthly life, is not secured between strong natures without the breaking of bars and the forcing of locks. It is a natural instinct, when one is stricken, to seek silence and solitude; and the finest and best are those whose desperate desire, when wounds are deep, is not only to escape from the sight and sound of the world, but to take refuge from those who are nearest and dearest. In the closest of all relations this instinct sometimes asserts itself most powerfully. The garrulous; the seekers after sympathy — of whom there are many — those who cry out when they are struck, not only find it easy to confide, but to get nourishment for egotism by the very recital of their sorrows. But those whose suffering cuts deeper, who have that higher reverence for themselves

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which breeds reticence, whose habit it is to bear for others instead of asking others to bear for them, who are so repelled by the corruption of self-pity that they would rather endure torture than be corrupted by it, are driven back upon themselves, and by the very measure of their love are held back from speech. When Brutus was bringing his pure if somewhat narrow spirit to the point of conspiring against

. . . one

That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion,

he kept his own counsel, and held apart from the noble woman who was Cato's daughter, and whom "Lord Brutus took to wife." It was the supreme night of his life, in the long hours of which his fate was as surely accomplished as it was later unfolded to the sight of men at Philippi; terrors and prodigies of sight and sound in the streets of Rome portended doom; but Brutus, in the awful hour of fate, was alone in his orchard.

## Fruits of the Spirit

The note of indignant remonstrance which vibrates in Portia's passionate assertion of her right to share the last secret of his fate, to drink with him the final cup of experience, rings true to the highest ideal of love that had passed on to perfect companionship :

Am I yourself

But as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in  
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

There is but one reply to words of such self-revealing authority as these, and Brutus, who is compact of all nobility, flashes back the answer :

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

. . . by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

It is the office of love not to spare but



## The Ultimate Companionship

to share; to divide not only the uttermost joy but the ultimate sorrow; to stand bound by the divinest of ties, not only when bells are rung and the sweetness of flowers is in the air, but when the Great Intruder has passed the door and stands in the room, and mortality waits helpless and dumb on the majestic presence which comes to all, and comes by higher compulsion than human invitation. It is the supreme privilege of love to share not only life but death; to stand unshattered when the foundations are broken up.

And this perfect companionship, of which Browning grasps the final glorious vision in the imagery of "Prospice,"

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that  
rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of  
pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

## Fruits of the Spirit

is not gained in a day; it is the rich and indestructible result of a lifelong habit of keeping the heart bare and the soul open and the conscience in one another's view. They alone climb the last heights of happiness who share the perils and toils of the way as completely as they share its inspirations, its exhilarations, its joy of arching sky and expanding earth. For love is not only tender and delicate and to be cherished with infinite care; it is also hardy, vigorous, fashioned for all tasks, capable of all resistance; the only immortal possession in a world which is but a symbol of mutability and perishableness. And in its perfection it belongs to those only who keep nothing back, but give their treasures of weakness as well as of strength, their wealth of care and anxiety as well as of peace and joy.

## The Prophecy of Love

**T**HE beginnings of life are always hidden in mystery; for there is something divine in all births. At the starting-point of life, as at its finish, there are clouds and darkness. Out of the mystery of infinity and eternity we come, and into the mystery of infinity and eternity we go, and there is neither beginning nor end within the range of our vision. When the light first rests on us, we are already shaped and fashioned; the mystery of birth has been accomplished; the mystery of growth remains.

When the slender blade breaks the soil and lifts its fragile stem to the sun, the protecting darkness, which enfolded its escape from the hardness of the seed and the faint stirring of its first instinctive endeavor toward the light, has vanished. For a little time it lives and thrives and ripens in the open, with the

## Fruits of the Spirit

free heavens above it and the searching winds cherishing its sweetness or beating its fiber into strength and comeliness; and then, yielding up its life in the multiplying of lives like its own, it sinks back into the darkness and the earth receives it again into the mystery from which it emerged. And so the tide of beauty and fertility perpetually ebbs and flows from the unseen to the unseen, and the miracle of life hastening to death and death sowing the seeds of life is wrought under the chill of the wintry stars and the soft splendor of the summer skies.

We, too, have our roots hidden in the soil of life; for us, as for the flower, there is the warm nourishing of the sun and the stern wrestling with the wind, and then comes the silence and the mystery. Like the bird in the legend, we suddenly emerge from the night into the hall where there is the blaze of fire and the glow of lights, and then we vanish again into the refuge of darkness, and nothing remains save a brief memory of

## The Prophecy of Love

delicate or vigorous wings and a song that throbbed for an hour and died into silence. Out of mystery, across a little space of brightness, into mystery: that is the story of earthly life. It is a leaf in a book which we read by the glow of a brief candle; a story of which a single chapter is legible; a journey of which but one stage is accomplished in our sight; a drama without a prologue, and the epilogue of which is spoken on a vaster stage.

As the beauty of the tree, in the strength of its symmetry and the knitting together of its structure, in the reach and delicacy of its foliage, in the sweetness of its brief flowering and the richness of its fruitage, has its source and fountain in the hidden beginnings of its life and is but the unfolding of that which lay unrevealed in the secret place of its birth, so the strong and tender and powerful forces of our nature, the capacities for devotion, sacrifice, heroism, the passion for purity and

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peace, the divine energy of growth, which give the brief record of life here its unspeakable pathos and splendor, have their roots far back in the divine world out of which we come and to which we go.

No searching, however ardent and tireless, has laid bare the sources of life; no accuracy or delicacy of instrument has done more than carry the light a little further back and uncover a little more of the mystery that becomes ever more mysterious. If by searching God cannot be found, neither by searching can the birth of the soul be uncovered. Because we are His children, born of His will, bearing His image, partakers of His thought, educated in His school to enter into His life, no hand will ever be laid on the place where we were born, and the sacredness of our souls will be protected forever by an impenetrable mystery of light; for there is a privacy of light as well as of darkness, and the glory of the Lord is as baffling to the irreverent eyes that search without love as in the

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clouds and darkness which surround His throne.

When we come into the light, a thousand prophecies come with us, witnesses of our royal birth and forerunners of our royal fortunes. There, at the first dawning of our mortality, Love suffers and waits. Before we came Love was; we heard its call, though we have no memory of the hour and the place where it found us. But the call of human love was but a faint, far cry compared with the summoning of the love of the Infinite, whose thoughts we are, whose universe is our home, whose fathomless passion for our likeness to Himself willed our being and prepared the way for us by planting the passion of love in human souls, as the consummation of experience and the fulfillment of life, and the perpetual witness of His heart toward men. Against the background of the mystery of His being the worlds are but things of yesterday, and Love is as old as He; for He is Love. Before all worlds this

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divine energy of the soul, forever seeking its highest good in the good of its mate, its supremest joy in the happiness of its fellow, its perfect growth in the growth of its kin, the fulfillment of itself in the completeness of another, had its birth; and, when the worlds have been resolved back into the elements of which they were formed, it will still be seeking its perfect expression in devotion and service and immortal companionship. Disguised under all manner of obscure garbs, rejected and cast out in hours of blindness, compelled to bear company with all uncleanness, touched but never stained by all defilement, Love walks the earth in the image of God and bearing perpetual witness to His unseen presence. As all life comes into visible being at its call, so all life culminates and is fulfilled in its unfolding. All life predicts its coming and all life is the witness of its presence.



## The Great Refusal

**T**HE great refusal is the refusal to accept the gift of life, which is the supreme gift of God to man. Without that gift all other gifts would have been impossible either of bestowal or of acceptance. Men and women come into life without their own volition, but they are not compelled to accept the gift of life; many do not accept it; instead of taking it with gratitude and using it with the courage of insight into its splendid possibilities, they strive to protect themselves from it as if it were a menace to their ease, a danger to their comfort. It is and ought to be both, for ease and comfort are perilous and despicable if one seeks them. There are many things of real value if they come to a man as the by-products of living, but enervating and corrupting if pursued as ends in themselves. Popularity is an excellent and

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useful possession if one does not seek it and is not afraid of it when it has been secured. Social influence and position are valuable if they come without seeking, but the woman who works for them degrades her soul; there is no meanness of snobbery to which the social "climber" will not descend; no personal indignity to which she will not submit, on the ignoble path which she has chosen. Even happiness, if put before honor, duty, or service, betrays the soul.

A man may live and yet refuse the gift of life. To exist is not to live; they only live who take life with all its experiences with courage and joy, who not only put aside the fear of living but welcome the opportunities of living as a brave man welcomes a perilous chance to help or inspire or lead in a moment of danger. The fear of living is the source of that cowardice which empties the lives of many people of spiritual meaning and human dignity. They may be blameless so far as external morals are concerned, and

## The Great Refusal

yet they are guilty of refusing the supreme gift which God puts into their hands. The pure in heart are not those who have never known temptation, but those who, fiercely tempted, have as fiercely resisted; or who, having fallen, have risen again and through purification made themselves clean. The heroes are not those who have kept away from danger, but have faced it, suffered, and triumphed.

Among the miserable throng of those who are bearing the pains of Purgatory there are none of whom Dante speaks with such scorn as "those inert ones who are pleasing neither to God nor to his enemies." These wretched ones have made the great refusal; they have lived without praise or blame; their offense is that they have been neither faithful to God nor rebellious. They have existed for themselves only. When opportunity interfered with ease, they chose ease; when duty came companioned by danger, they bolted the door and kept themselves safe;

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when, in the night and storm, the cry for help rose above the tumult, they remained comfortable by the fire; when life offered great enterprises, with the toil and peril which make success a matter of character as well as of opportunity, they stayed securely at home.

The fear of living prompts men to accept narrow positions without outlook on the future for the sake of security against the vicissitudes of business; to accept a small fixed income because it provides immediate comfort, rather than take those longer chances of fortune which impose patience, self-denial, and the training of experience at the start. Marriage brings heavy responsibilities; it interferes with the freedom to be selfish without protest or criticism; it means many surrenders of small comforts which are dear to those whose idea of life is to keep clear of obligations; it forces a man to think sometimes of another when he wishes to think all the time and only of himself.

The making and keeping of a home

## The Great Refusal

necessitates self-sacrifice, work, and the expenditure of time and strength. It interferes with that opportunity to do at any moment whatever you want to do which many unfortunate people call "freedom of life," and who therefore avoid the complications of home-making and home-keeping. The people who make this great refusal do not know what the words "freedom of life" mean; they put ease of condition in place of some of the supreme joys of living. To bring children into life is to tie one's self with many bands of duty, to limit one's ability to spend money freely on pleasure, to limit one's freedom in the matter of time and place, to invoke a thousand cares and burdens; the coming of a child is the most insidious form of teaching unselfishness which the Heavenly Father has yet discovered. To refuse the gift of children is to close the door in the face of a great, enduring, and wonderful happiness. It is to avoid the noblest chance of education which life offers. And yet

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thousands of people do this simply to escape being "bothered;" men want to keep clear of all relations which bring any obligations with them in order that they may be free to be perfectly selfish; women want to be free from the cares of maternity in order that they may devote themselves entirely to social life or to what they call a "career," as if the fulfillment of the oldest, most fundamental, and divinest of all human functions was not the richest, most influential, and happiest career open to men and women, the only really creative function committed to them. No people are more to be pitied than the young men and women who marry as a further step in selfishness; who live in hotels or take their meals at restaurants in order to escape the responsibilities of having a home; who profane a noble relationship and defeat one of the great ends of marriage by agreeing not to have children because children are "such a bother."

These unfortunate people blight their

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souls at the very start, cut all the deeper roots of life, and condemn themselves to a thin, narrow, superficial life, in order to escape the very things they were sent into life to achieve. They make the great refusal before they know what they are refusing; they shut the door in face of happiness in the vain endeavor to make comfortable for their bodies a world which was framed to liberate and inspire their spirits. They fall into one of the most insidious forms of sensualism and one of the most devitalizing forms of skepticism.

Without a strain of heroism life is poor and mean. Cowardice is fatal to nobility. Those who want life without paying for it not only fail to get it but do not know what they are losing; that is the penalty of cowardice. By work life becomes an achievement, by surmounting obstacles and facing dangers men and women become the masters of themselves; by self-denial and glad acceptance, by greeting the "Unseen with a cheer,"

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they make the great acceptance and become worthy of God's great gift to his children.

In the hour of sorest trial, poor, lonely, ill, Beethoven faced life with unflinching courage, and life poured into him the wealth of knowledge and feeling which enriched all time in the "Ninth Symphony." "From the brink of the grave," said a noble Frenchman recovering from a perilous illness, "I measured not the vanity of life, but its importance."



## Discredited Witnesses

**S**ITTING before an open fire in a private library not long ago, a man of distinction, whose artistic skill is matched by a conscience as sensitive and exacting, told the story of his escape from hard and narrow conditions, his education by a series of apparently casual contacts with trained artists, his final success and personal happiness coming like a sudden burst of sunlight through dense clouds; adding, half to himself, "What a fairy story!" It was more wonderful than any fairy tale, for it was a chapter out of the great adventure of life. From the earliest times men have been trying to dramatize this adventure in all manner of legends, myths, dramas, and stories. However hard their conditions, something within them has always borne witness to a great destiny; and in their worst estate of degradation and misery there

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has been a mystery about them, as of heirs of a kingdom become for the moment tenders of swine.

It is true, there have always been those who insisted that the herding of swine, the heartbreaking toil in the field, the wretchedness and hunger, are the whole of life, and that the dreams of happiness which make the night tolerable are mere fancies of visionary minds. "Away with such anodynes!" they have said; "let us be men and face the facts." And in every time there have been those who succumbed to the blight of this teaching and have eaten their hearts out in bitterness of despair, or wasted their fortunes in a vain attempt to make a sleeping potion of pleasure and drown their misery in unconsciousness.

But there have been those also who have rejected this teaching because it was not the doctrine of men and because it did not face the facts, and have committed their hearts to the keeping of their highest visions; not because their visions

## Discredited Witnesses

were beautiful or comforting, but because they made life explicable by bringing into view the truth within as well as the truth without the soul; because they have accepted the reality of the mind as well as of the brain, of the affections as well as of the passions, of the intuitions as well as of the instincts, of the imagination as well as of the eye.

These believers in visions, moreover, have refused to accept all witnesses as of equal credibility in the court of reason; and have insisted on an examination of the credentials of those who came to testify concerning the facts of life. They have applied the test of character and have challenged those whose record has given ground for suspicion of their competency and veracity. Shall the evidence of the lawless be counted of equal authority with that of those who hold themselves obedient to the law? Shall the report of the drunkard count with that of the clear-eyed man of integrity? Shall the man of ungovernable passions have

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equal weight with the man who rules himself? Shall he who sinks to the animal speak with the authority of him who rises to the saint and hero? Shall the liar and thief and sensualist have the weight of the truthful, the honorable, the pure in heart?

In the great court in which life is on trial these witnesses are incompetent. Their testimony often has the thrilling interest of tragedy, the beauty of delicate art, the impressiveness of ruined greatness; it is profoundly interesting and significant as throwing light on the reactions of lawlessness on mind and body, on morbid conditions of psychology, on diseases of mind and soul; but it has no weight in interpreting the facts of life and penetrating to the meaning of the vast order of things by which men are surrounded. Only the sound in body and mind, the clear-eyed, those to whom obedience to the law of life has brought the knowledge of life, are entitled to credence in the court where life is on trial,

## Discredited Witnesses

the judgment place where its nature and meaning are demanded and must be revealed.

In that august place only the sane have a right to be heard; but it is a pathetic and significant fact that the insane crowd the place of judgment and pour out their woes as if they were the sorrows of mankind instead of the misery they have brought on themselves; as if the uncovering of disease in their own minds and bodies were the uncovering of the health of the race.

Only those protest against the injustice of the moral order of life who have never obeyed it and do not know what wonders of strength and peace are wrought in the hearts of men by obedience. They bare their self-inflicted wounds and say, "Behold the blows of fate!" They dramatize the tragedies of sin of which they have made themselves the victims, and cry aloud, "Behold the misery of the world!" They tell appalling stories of their defeated hopes, their ruined careers,

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their blighted genius, and say, "This is life."

Is it? Is the beauty of love and self-sacrifice and purity to be found behind prison bars? Are the clear insights, the penetrating glimpses, the far-ranging visions of the possibilities of the human spirit to be sought in the places where the insane are protected from themselves? Many things are to be learned among criminals and the insane; they witness to the inevitableness of the punishment that follows swift-footed on the broken law. But of the vast order which lies behind the law and is protected by it nothing is to be learned in these places of restraint or punishment. The lawbreakers of genius can make an awful picture of the misery that follows the doing of evil; but he has no power to depict the sweetness of purity, the peace of integrity, the joy of love. The destroyers of life know nothing of the exceeding great rewards of life. They fill the air with their outcries and protests, and many are imposed upon

## Discredited Witnesses

by the volume of sound that comes from them; but if they were multiplied a thousandfold, they would still be impotent witnesses to the nature and meaning of life, because they have disqualified themselves from understanding it. They are the witnesses to the tragedy of blinding the eyes and stopping the ears in a world of great visions and noble harmonies.

## “There Are No Dead”

**W**E have done much to Christianize our farewells to those who have gone before us into the next stage of life. We no longer darken the rooms that now more than ever need the light and warmth of the sun; we no longer close the windows as if to shut out Nature at the moment when we are about to give back to Mother Earth all that was mortal in the earthy career now finished; we no longer shroud the house in black, we make it sweet with flowers, for the hymns of grief we are fast substituting the hymns of victory; for words charged with a sense of loss we listen to words that hold wide the door of hope and faith; and on the memorials which we place where they lie who have vanished from our sight we no longer carve the skull and cross-bones, the hour-glass and the scythe—we recall some trait or quality or



## “There Are No Dead”

achievement that survives the body and commemorates the spirit.

We have done much to Christianize our treatment of what we call death, to emphasize our faith in the immortal life; but we do not take to ourselves the immense helpfulness, the radiancy of joy, in the sublime truth which Christ brought to light. There is still too much of the shadowy vagueness of the early pagan thought of the future; and many are missing not only an hourly comfort, but a deep peace of spirit and a glorious expectation.

We confuse ourselves by the forms of speech we use when we talk of this life and of the future life as if they were two lives, of our mortal life as if it were different in kind from the immortal life. There is only one life, and that is immortal, here and now. The life of the body is not our life any more than we are the houses we live in. The house may be destroyed or may decay, but we are not imprisoned in it, and its fate is not our

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fate. We can go out of it when we choose and make ourselves another house. Our bodies are the servants of our spirits; after a time they may cease to obey us, but because the eyes refuse to see, the sense of vision is not impaired; because the feet refuse to walk, the mind does not cease to travel. When an injury befalls us, we do not say, "I am broken;" we say, "My arm is broken." In speech and in action we habitually dissociate ourselves from our bodies and affirm our superiority to them. Shattered, broken, tortured with pain, we remained undismayed and unsubdued. Ney, who was called the lion of the French army, was of highly sensitive physical organization. On one occasion, when he was directing a battle from an eminence under heavy fire, he noticed that his aides were smiling. Looking down, he saw that his knees were rattling against his saddle. "You poor knees," he said, "how you would rattle if you knew where I am going to take you in a minute!"

## “There Are No Dead”

The bravest men are not those who are insensible to physical fear, but those who master it by courage of spirit, the purest and noblest are not those who have never felt the temptations of the body but those who have resisted them. There is no body in the sense of something fixed and complete apart from the spirit; the body, like the earth to which it returns, is never the same two days in succession. It is always changing, and the man of seventy-five has already lived in seven or eight bodies. It is literally true that we “die daily” in the only sense in which we ever die; that is to say, we change; which is what death really means.

When the boy in “The Blue Bird” goes with fear and trembling into the burying ground, he finds it a sunny meadow, and cries out to his frightened sister, “There are no dead!” The question is sometimes asked, “Does death end all?” Death ends nothing; it is simply a change. There are no dead in the sense in which the phrase is commonly

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used; there are only the living in the vast mystery of life which enfolds us all, on the fathomless stream of life which bears us all forward. We are here for a little time, as we are often in inns where we make friends who are dear to us, and then we leave them and go on to another stage in our journey, we miss them and they miss us, and neither their places nor ours are ever taken by others. But we see new landscapes and pass through new experiences into a larger world, and they presently follow us. We are separated and are often lonely, but we look forward joyfully to new sights and sounds, and to the hour when, further on in the journey we shall look into their eyes and hear their voices.

To think of life as one and indivisible, of immortality as our possession, here and now, of death as normal change in an eternal process of growth, of those whom we call dead as more intensely alive than when we saw them, is to transform the experience which has overshadowed the

## “There Are No Dead”

world for centuries as the end of happiness into a larger freedom and joy, and to make immortality not a vague expectation but a glorious opening of the doors and windows of the house of life. “While we poor wayfarers still toil, with hot and bleeding feet, along the highway and the dust of life,” writes Dr. Martineau, “our companions have but mounted the divergent path, to explore the more sacred streams, and visit the divine vales, and wander amid the everlasting Alps of God’s upper provinces of creation. And so we keep up the courage of our hearts, and refresh ourselves with the memories of love, and travel forward in the ways of duty, with less weary step, feeling ever for the hand of God, and listening for the domestic voices of the immortals whose happy welcome awaits us. Death, in short, under the Christian aspect, is but God’s method of colonization; the transition from this mother country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration.”

## The Larger Plan

**I**N those years which we call prosperous because our plans are successfully carried out, and our fields are fertile, and the shadow of sorrow does not fall athwart the sunshine, we have a sense of being at ease in the world, of mastery of the conditions of life. There steals into our minds the belief that we have learned the secrets of success, and into our hearts the feeling that God is watching over us in a special sense, and that we are trusted with the shaping of our lives; and this confidence in ourselves is reinforced by the deference which is always paid, not so much to the character as to the judgment of those to whom success seems to have become a matter of habit. In the warm air of outward prosperity the direction of life seems to have been put in our hands and our will takes the place of the will of God.

## The Larger Plan

But sooner or later this seeming security is disturbed; plans go awry; dear hopes are blasted; defeat comes late and brings an added bitterness with it; over the happy circle apparently strongly entrenched against misfortune sorrow hangs like a cloud ominous with disaster.

Then comes the crisis in our spiritual life; we have become accustomed to regard our will as the will of God; can we make the will of God our will? We have thought of Providence as a warm light making our path a line of brightness; can we walk through storm and disaster, encompassed with darkness, and still feel that "we cannot drift beyond His love and care"? Can we cease to plan each step into the unknown future and accept His plan?

This is a strength beyond the strength of the man who is strong in himself: the strength of the man who is strong in his faith in God. There is a higher wisdom than that which plans with clear-sighted prevision for the future: the wisdom

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which accepts the plan of God and loyally works with it, without repining or discouragement or paralysis of energy. There is a truer prosperity than the fertility of our fields and the increasing returns of our investments: the prosperity of growing integrity, of deepening love, of widening sympathy, of that calm strength of soul which takes a man from under the dominion of things and puts him under the dominion of God; which transfers him from servitude to things that surround him to that loyalty to the things of the spirit which sets his soul erect above the changes of his mortal condition.

“The soul ceases to weary itself with planning and foreseeing,” wrote Jean Nicolas Grou, “giving itself up to God’s Holy Spirit within, and to the teachings of his providence without. He is not forever fretting as to his progress, or looking back to see how far he is getting on; rather he goes steadily and quietly on, and makes all the more progress because



## The Larger Plan

it is unconscious. So he never gets troubled and discouraged; if he falls, he humbles himself, but gets up at once, and goes on with renewed earnestness."

The burden of shaping an immortal life with so slight a knowledge of its possibilities and of the outcome of events is too heavy to be borne. We all move about in "worlds half realized;" we do not know at the moment what happenings are fortunate and what are unfortunate. The years that seem prosperous to us are often barren of real happiness of that growth of the spirit which is the end of all living; while the years that seem bleak and unfertile often enrich us beyond our dreams. No man has the knowledge of the future, the insight into events, the wisdom of experience, to plan his life completely and carry his plans into execution. God alone knows how the human spirit can fulfill its great destinies. Our part is to work with him; to recognize our ignorance and his knowledge, and consciously to hold our plans in subjec-

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tion to his will. Then when our best-laid and most cherished plans go awry we shall have no sense of failure, but the consciousness of a vaster design being wrought out through us and for us.

## Love's Second Sight

**A**MONG the maxims which have their roots in confusion of thought none is more misleading than the ancient and well-worn aphorism that love is blind. The fable of Psyche has been traditionally interpreted as a pathetic instance of that curiosity which opened Pandora's box and let a swarm of evils fly over the world, and which drove Elsa to put the fateful question to Lohengrin at the very moment when her joy was at its consummation. The beautiful story, so weighted with the deeper meaning of things, bears another higher interpretation; for the soul cannot surrender until it understands, nor drain the cup of the deepest experience until it sees clearly the figure in whose hands it is held.

If love were blind, life would sink into chaos; for love is the force that creates, the power that sustains, the principle that governs. It is the love of his art which

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draws the artist, unwearied by heroic apprenticeship, into the very heart of his art and makes his passion one with insight, skill, the final mastery of the line. If love were blind, those forms in which the visions and ideals that bear with them the fortunes of the race, because they are the symbols of its spiritual insights and achievements, would never have been set in temples and on highways by those who counted no toil too heavy, no sacrifice too great, that celebrated the marriage of love and art. To him only who loves with a consuming passion the final veil is lifted and the ultimate skill conveyed; for knowledge and love are one at the heart of things, and art, which is the record of the creative spirit working with and through men, touches perfection only when passion and intelligence are so blended that out of this commingling another word is spoken in the revelation of the divine to the human.

Love is never blind; those who love

## Love's Second Sight

are often blind, and to their passion is charged that which belongs to lack of faculty. Love does not open new senses or convey new faculties; it vivifies, clarifies, intensifies the senses and faculties which already exist. In its first day-break the world lies half concealed in a mist which poetizes rather than distorts or falsifies proportions, relations, qualities; when the light grows clear, perspectives are corrected, outlines become distinct, hidden lovelinesses come into view, hidden defects disclose themselves; not because the light and warmth are less, but because they are greater. To measure the depth of love by its blindness would be to appraise the splendor and fertilizing power of the sun by the rays which shine level from the horizon rather than by those which fall upon the soil and search its secret places for every potency of life.

The blindness of love is a measure of its inadequacy, an evidence that it has yet to work its miracle of knowledge as

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well as of surrender. The mother who sees no fault in her child is blinded, not by her love, but by her dullness of perception; the wife who finds no defect in her husband may make him comfortable but cannot make him great; the friend who finds only content in his love for his friend is denied the highest service of friendship; for, as Emerson said, "our friends are those who make us do what we can." The faithful mothers, wives, and friends who accept us as we are as often harm as help us; they live with us only on the lower levels of being; they neither climb nor stir us to climb. Love that is content robs us of the best it has to bestow, and is satisfied with gifts of bread and wine when it might bestow upon us vision, inspiration, character. They love noblest who see clearest, and they bind us with bands of steel who so awaken the best in us that when at last we put forth our hands to grasp the highest things, behold! our hands are clasped in theirs.

## Love's Second Sight

The beginning of love is often a brief madness; the end of love is perfect sanity, between the dawn and the full day lies the long, gradual illumination. Irony, satire, and cheap cynicism must not make us blind to the beauty of the illusion in which love begins—the illusion of perfection. For love seeks perfection because in perfection alone its possibilities are perfectly realized. There is an hour of prophecy in all noble beginnings. The artist dreams the dream of beauty before he enters on the long path of toil and anguish of spirit which must be traveled to the bitter end before that dream becomes his possession. First in every great career comes an hour of vision; then years of toil and discipline when the vision seems to have vanished utterly; then its gradual disclosure in the work of a lifetime as the work nears its completion and its lines come into view. Ideals are idle dreams unless they are wrought into character by the routine, drudgery, and toil which seem at times

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to remove them to an inaccessible distance.

Love begins with a vision: it passes through the travail of the years; the disillusionments which are part of the waking day; the monotony of daily duty; the wearing away of the flush of the morning, the fading of the earliest bloom; and then at the end, behold! the vision is there again, no longer lying like a bloom diffused from the sky, but like a loveliness rising from the depths of life. Between the vision and its realization lies the training in clear sight, the education in full knowledge, which the blind call disillusion but which the clear-sighted call the divine opportunity of love; and the realization of the vision depends, not on the early glow, but on the high, clear, later light. Not to the blind, the indulgent, the slothful lovers come the great realizations of the final growth, but to those whom love has made wise in severity, resolute in demand, heroic in loyalty to the highest in the beloved.



## Love's Second Sight

Perfection of character, entire harmony of nature, instant adjustment of mood with mood, if they were possible at the beginning, would defeat the highest service and joy of love, which is to see in the imperfect the promise of the perfect as the deep-sighted see in man the image and nature of the divine.

It is the second sight of love which makes it the joy of life as well as its inspiration; behind the present imperfection which it clearly sees, rises always the image of that beauty which is to be when all the ends of mortal life have been fulfilled. It is to the blind that clear sight seems disillusion; to the open-eyed it is the beginning of the realization of the vision; it is the first sight which prepares for the second sight. Love can neither offer nor demand perfection; for perfection in this mortal life would be as abnormal, unwelcome and repellent as a child with the knowledge and experience of a man. It is in the search for perfection that love

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finds its highest opportunity and its deepening joy; in its vision that the sky above it kindles with a glory which does not fade when the sun sinks to the west, but glows as if an immortal morning were breaking.

## The Child and the World

Christmas, 1903

**T**HE Child born in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago came into a world ruled by force, under the dominion of a race notable among the races for its organizing and governing genius and for its lack of spiritual ideas. It has been said of the Romans that they borrowed their religion and their philosophy and stole their art. No one of the supreme interests of life, save that of conduct, was supreme with the best of them; in no one of the highest fields of endeavor did they produce works of the highest genius. So capable a race could not utterly lack religious ideals, and the charm of their most intimate feeling for the divine is found in their domestic deities and worship, in the sweet familiarities with spirits of localities, so sympathetically described in the early chapters of "Marius the

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Epicurean." Such a race could not, and did not, lack noble-minded and noble-hearted men; but when all the poetry and piety of the Romans is generously measured, how far the sum of these things falls below their unparalleled vigor of action, their marvelous power of organization!

It was a hard, brutal world, in spite of the beauty and refinement of certain aspects of its civilization, into which Christ was born. He came, the incarnation of helplessness, into a society in which the strongest ruled by virtue of the power of destruction; he came, the Child of divine tenderness and love, into a world in which men held power more precious than love, and the ability to strike above the ability to bear. There could not have been a more appalling disparity than that which existed between the Child in the cradle and the ideals and order of the society which that Child was sent to transform. The task laid upon the Child seemed impossible of achievement. To

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set a Child to destroy the rule of force seemed like the wild dream of some fanatic who knew neither the power with which he worked nor the power which he would destroy.

But Rome has gone long ago, and the chief association of the name to the modern world is its worship of the Child. On Christmas Eve, in all the Western world, and wherever men or ideas of Western birth are found in the East, the face of the Child will look out of the mist of years as the divinest vision which has ever lightened the darkness of the world; and on Christmas morning there will be a pealing of bells that will follow the sun round the globe announcing again the glad tidings that Christ is born in Bethlehem.

In that wonderful story many great truths are looted; supreme among them the blessed fact that all the best things of which the noblest men and women have dreamed are true; that no thought of life can be too great, and no hope of

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the future too blissful. If the most thoroughgoing pessimist of to-day could be put back into the social, political, and industrial conditions into which Christ came, so as to see them close at hand and feel the weight of them in his heart, he would break into a psalm of thanksgiving. We have gone but a little way towards the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, but we have gone far enough to change the whole moral landscape of life, and to light a thousand fires of hope and cheer where the night lay chill and black when the Child was laid in the manger at Bethlehem.

To-day that Child is born again in a world ruled by greed rather than by force; a world in which men have gone far towards learning the great lessons of tolerance, forbearance, and peace, but in which they have still to learn the great lesson of mutual responsibility for and to one another. The struggle for wealth was never so keen and bitter; never were

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so many men absorbed in it to the exclusion of all interest in the things that make money worth having when it has been gotten. The rush and tumult of the struggle are sometimes almost unbearable to those who know what life is and what it means; the heartlessness and needlessness of the fight are sometimes so revolting that one longs to get where no sound or sign of it can penetrate; the vulgarity and sham of it fill rational men and women with loathing. The brutal indifference to the rights of others; the relentless crushing of the weak by the strong; the coarse setting aside of the sanctities of marriage and the multiplication of legalized adulteries by means of cheap and easy divorce; the shoddy splendor and coarse manners of much miscalled society; the push of men whose only object is to "get there," the strident voices of women who have given up the old refinements of womanhood without gaining any real power or efficiency in exchange—all the noise and confusion

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and crudity and vulgarity of the modern world at times almost blight the hopes and blast the spirits of those who love the best things.

There are many side-lights to be thrown on this depressing condition of things which greatly change its character and give it a different and a far brighter aspect. At the very worst it is a far kindlier, more human, more unselfish world than that in which Christ was born. But, passing all those things by, the season brings one great and unshakable hope to our hearts: The Child who transformed the World of Force will also transform the World of Greed! The task seems to many to-day almost impossible of accomplishment, so great is the disparity between the invisible power of love and the organized force of selfishness. But love and greed are far more nearly matched to the eye of the most superficial observer than were love and power. The World of Greed is already penetrated by the influences



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that flow from the heart and mind of the Child. Intent as that world is on its own success, it already pays love the respect of a decent regard for appearances; vulgar as it is, it is stirred by an uneasy consciousness that there are better things than it possesses; eager and brutal as it is in pursuit of its ends, it is smitten with the growing knowledge that it is being mocked by that to which it has given its heart, and that there is something at work in society which defeats its final and perfect satisfaction with its gains.

The bells of Christmas-tide ring out the ultimate doom of greed as they long ago rang out the ultimate doom of force. Men may think and say what they choose, but there is a power in the Child which silently and steadily saps all evil or lower powers; a wisdom in the Child which shines more and more above the wisdom of the wisest; a beauty which sinks deeper and deeper into the consciousness of the world; an ideal which

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relentlessly judges all lesser ideals and rejects them. It may be that two thousand years more must pass before the Kingdom of Greed follows the Kingdom of Force; but every year the power of the Child gains on the base and brutal forces which oppose it, and every year the love which the Child came to reveal lights the dark skies with a kindling promise of day.

## The Deepest Thanksgiving

**F**RANCIS OF SALES, a saint in nature and life as well as in name, in enumerating some causes of thanksgiving in the quaint language of the seventeenth century, uses these very suggestive words :

Consider the bodily gifts which God has given you ; what a body, what conveniences to maintain it, what health and lawful comforts for it ; what friends and assistances. And consider all this in comparison with the lot of so many other persons, much more worthy than yourself, who are destitute of all these blessings ; some defective in body, health, and limbs ; others subjected to reproaches, contempt, and dishonor ; others weighed down with poverty ; and God has not suffered you to be so miserable.

Consider your gifts of mind. How many are there in the world stupid, mad, foolish ; and why are you not among them ? God has favored you. How many are there who have been brought up coarsely and in gross ignorance ? And by God's providence you have been well nurtured and educated.

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Consider your spiritual graces. . . . God has given you a knowledge of Himself even from your youth. How often has He given you His sacraments? How often inspirations, interior illuminations, and warnings for your amendment? How often has He pardoned you your faults? How often has He delivered you from occasions to sin to which you have been exposed? And have not your past years been so much time and opportunity to advance the good of your soul? Consider in detail how good and gracious God has been to you.

On Thanksgiving Day, honored now by the usage of many generations, emphasis is generally laid on those occasions for gratitude which have a common claim on all the Nation; those obvious, general blessings which, because they take on National aspects, seem to have the most impressive significance. For peace, health, freedom, prosperity, the large yield of the soil, and widespread ease of condition, there cannot be too much gratitude. For these material and physical prosperities are also spiritual signs of well-being; when the Nation

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prospers in field and flock and ship, it is because the Nation has been industrious and frugal and has not held back its hand from danger and toil.

But there are other and deeper causes for thanksgiving, and these are clearly seen only when behind the general thanksgiving men offer up to God their heartfelt thanks for those conditions which provide for the growth of the spirit in freedom and power. "Consider in detail," writes St. Francis, "how good and gracious God has been to you." Deeper than all other reasons for thanksgiving is the nature of God. Since He is what He is, all life takes on a joyful meaning, in the light of which hope shines through sorrow, and trial becomes a way of strength, and work a spiritual opportunity, and death holds in its hands the lamp of immortality. Because God is love, every man's sins are punished; because God is merciful, the easy road to corruption is set thick with difficulties; because God watches over them, men

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who have gone astray are suddenly discovered in their iniquities; because God will accept nothing ultimately but the best in every human soul, the discipline of life is searching, the burdens of life heavy, the disappointments of life manifold. Because God would make us like himself, life is one long, severe, exacting education. Because we are immortal, we are never permitted to rest in mortal conditions, to find satisfaction with mortal possessions, to secure content in this mortal life.

Above and below gratitude for pleasant paths and fertile fields and surcease of great anxieties there ought to be joy unspeakable in that gift of spiritual life which transforms this changing life, turns its apparent adversities into blessings, its burdens into sources of strength, its bitter partings into prophecies of blissful reunions. Let every man search his heart and his life and "consider in detail how good and gracious God has been."

## Lodgings and Homes

**T**HE restlessness of the age shows itself in nothing more disastrously than in the substitution of lodgings for homes. Lodgings have an important place in the economy of modern life; they are often extremely comfortable; they afford greatly needed rest and change; they make privacy and family life possible in foreign countries; they are admirable places of refuge in prolonged or exhausting travel. But they are temporary and provisional; they provide shelter for short periods, in times of change, in vacations; but they are not, and they cannot be, solid foundations of repose, growth, the full and free life.

The child misses things of inestimable value if he is not born in a home; and childhood loses immeasurably if the word home does not gain from its daily experience a wealth of sweetness, trust, association, sense of security.

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In youth, when the "year of wandering"—which is so rich in the flowering of the imagination and the opening of the spirit to the beauty and wonder of the world—comes, the home is a rich and potent background of pure memory, of steadying impulses, of anchorage of the affections.

When the work of life is at the flood, the home is a refuge from the disheartening influences which sap the strength of the most aspiring, a place of peace where the vision grows clear and courage returns and the armor is put on with new heart; and neither for man nor for woman can any kind of success, influence, or power compensate for its loss. Sometimes the home must be sacrificed for some high duty; but nothing in contemporary life is sadder than the surrender of the home for those lesser ends which appeal so strongly in youth to men and women, and which, as time goes on, yield so little lasting reward or satisfaction. To exchange a home for what is



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called a "career" is, in most cases, to invite at the end of the years loneliness, heart-sickness, and a deepening sense of having missed the best things in life.

For the home is not only the sacred inclosure in which the finest and deepest affections are nourished, the tenderest sympathies developed, the truest and most fruitful impulses confirmed and strengthened; it is also the place of the most searching and liberating education. No later teacher has such access to the spirit, such approaches to the heart, as those who enfold the young life in an atmosphere of which it is unconscious, but which penetrates and gives color to its most secret thoughts. The vast majority of the fundamental ideas come to the child while he is still unaware of their significance and unable to give them expression. As Titian, painting with the stir and movement of the vast energies of Venice about him, and under the spell of her superb vitality expressed in such splendor as no other city has ever been

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clothed with, put his childhood at Pieve da Cadore into his pictures in a long succession of mountain backgrounds, so every man and woman of imagination constantly recalls the "long, long thoughts" of youth, and draws upon the inexhaustible capital of ideas, dreams, visions, and divinations which were part of life in the quiet places and hours of home; and in maturer life this silent education is more profound, more spiritual, more illuminating than that which is furnished by the Church or the State, the other great institutional schools of society. We are so dominated by purely academic ideals that our conceptions of education are often as superficial as they are arrogant and positive; and in our devotion to methods and instruments, to mere acquisition, to the trade-marks of education, we lose sight of its great realities: the awakening of the spirit, the quickening of the affections, the liberating of the imagination, the deliverance from the dominion of names and forms,

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the birth into freedom and power. Goethe's mother did more for the training of his genius than the University of Strassburg; Ruskin drew more inspiration from the beauty and nobility of those early readings of the Bible with his mother than from his studies at Oxford; the atmosphere of the quiet rectory at Somersby left a deeper impress on the sensitive mind of Tennyson than the years at Cambridge.

There is no spectacle in life more pathetic than homeless old age. At the end of the working years, when the final period of ripening comes, the clearing of the air after the dust of the highway is laid, the opening of the windows of the soul to the tranquil sunset light, the home becomes a temple as well as a refuge. There is gathered up and kept with pious care the remembrance of the fragrance of the deeds which the world so soon forgets; there is preserved the memory of the long integrity, the gracious courtesy, the old-time helpfulness; there wait

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those delicate ministries, those tender services, that reverence which distills its perfumes in watchful and unforgetting care, which are sweet and satisfying when fame has lost its magic, applause its intoxication, and the rush and tumult of work and strife have become a faint, far sound on the horizon.

And these deep and permanent influences which, more than any others, shape the character; these sweet and spiritual consolations and rewards over which time has no dominion; this rich and liberating education which colleges and universities only amplify and clarify — these rarest and most sacred things are lightly put aside by hosts of men and women for the sake of convenience, luxury, the chance to spend more on pleasure, freedom to go and come as they please! There is nothing sadder in modern life than this exchange of homes for lodgings, under the fatal delusion that the home confines and the lodging liberates; that the home is commonplace

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and the lodging full of novelty and interest; that the home is old-fashioned and out of date, and the lodging a step forward in emancipation; that the home means drudgery and the lodging leisure; that the home involves anchorage in the harbor and the lodging the free course over the open sea! To a few men and women come those imperative commands to give up home and kindred for some great service which must be accepted as the will of God; but among all the children of folly none are more blind than those who voluntarily choose the lodging instead of the home.

## Love and Law

**T**HE most sublime divination ever made by men is the declaration that God is Love. The audacity of it in a world devastated by sorrow and a society ruled by force is evidence of its truth. Through clouds of ignorance, amid cries of anguish, in the presence of victorious crimes and enthroned and sceptered wrongs, compassed about with apparently overwhelming evidences of moral chaos and spiritual wreck, the genius that is in the soul of the race flashed a sudden light on the very heart of the mystery and found Love seated there, immortal, invincible, omnipotent. Since that heroic word of faith was spoken there have been two thousand years of strife and misery and confusion; society has been shaken again and again by destructive forces and rebuilt only to be wrecked afresh; the old order has passed

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and the new has come only to become old itself and yield to the pressure of the later need; the world has been lifted for the first time into a light of knowledge of its races and their conditions well-nigh complete; and men are appalled by the work to be done before human conditions are made wholesome and safe.

Through all the confusion without and within, the vision of Love enthroned has never faded from the thought and faith of the spiritually-minded. Not only have all other explanations of the universe seemed incredible, but to reason itself have come great confirmations of the truth of the sublime divination, as through clouds and darkness science has discerned the outlines of an order, not fixed and arbitrary, but vital, ascending, passing on through the passion for self to the passion for others, and predicting the other great truth that love and law are spirit and method in a sublime progression of creative energy.

The apparent antithesis between law

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and love has not only led to numberless confusions of thought, but is due to a confusion of thought. Law has been set before the mind of the race as austere, inflexible, divinely inexorable; the very structure of the moral order, the very fiber of the moral nature, something so august and sovereign that the gods have bowed before it; a force behind all forces as the Fates or Norns watched in deep shadows behind Zeus and Odin, and measured their span of life with relentless fingers. Love, on the other hand, has been pictured as a beautiful emotion, a divine impulse, a cherishing tenderness, a yearning over men which forgot their offenses in its passion for helping them, but lacking divine rigor of righteousness. Law commanded, but love persuaded; law punished, but love pardoned; law enforced obedience by terrible penalties, love stood beside the culprit and bore the penalties with him. Good men of logical mind have not only failed to understand the nature of Love, but have been dis-



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trustful of its integrity and doubtful of its power to govern.

There have been a thousand misapprehensions of Love because its lower have been so often mistaken for its higher manifestations. Those who love are often blind, but Love is never blind; those who love are always weak through ignorance, but Love is open-eyed and strong. The mother who defeats the growth of her child by releasing it from a distasteful discipline is not devoted but ignorant; the father who shields his son from the penalties that might arrest the downward tendency is not tender but cruel. Love neither evades nor conceals, because it seeks only the best, not the easiest or the most comfortable way for one upon whom it lavishes its wealth. Law apprehends the offender if it discovers him, brings him to the bar and punishes him. It sees only the deed and can punish only the doer; its vision and its power are wholly external. Love discerns what is in the heart, commands the offender to

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confess the offense which is still undiscovered, because by confession alone can the spirit be set right; forces the sinner whom it loves into the hands of law, stands beside him in the dock, bears with him the awful words of judgment, and goes with him to the prison which is the only way back to honor and peace. Before law moved, Love saw the offense and gathered its awful sternness; after law has forgotten, Love bears the disgrace and carries the badge of shame and endures because it punishes only to save. Law takes the culprit to the cell and locks the door, Love goes into prison and shares the humiliation and misery.

For if Love is the most beautiful thing in the world, it is also the most terrible; God is Love because in his presence no evil can live; to all who are out of right relation with him he is a consuming fire. Hell, whatever form it take, is not the measure of his wrath, but of his passion for purity; not the process by which he punishes, but by which he purifies. Even

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if it were only a place of torment he must be in it, for wherever the spirits of men cry out unconsciously in the bitterness of misdirected energy, lost opportunity, infidelity to the highest in them, there he must be; and where he is, there may be suffering but there cannot be the torment of despair. Law regulates the conduct, but Love cleanses the very springs of being; law punishes, but Love compels the rebuilding of the nature. The return to life is often far more painful than death; and the power which banishes death imposes the agony of rebirth. Love cannot pause until it has brought out the highest nobility in the spirit to which it gives itself; cannot rest until it has made final happiness sure by perfect purification:

“ Love is incompatible  
With falsehood,— purifies, assimilates  
All other passions to itself.”

Because God is Love the universe must finally be cleansed to its outermost edge; because he loves men, there must come

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the suffering, denial, punishment, which constitute the education of the spirit into freedom and power.

If a man would live at ease, let him beware of Love. If he loves a country, it may call him suddenly to hardship and death; if he love Art, it will set him heart-breaking lessons of trial and self-surrender; if he love Truth, it will call him to part company with his friend; if he love men, their sorrows will sit by his fire and shadow its brightness; if he love some other soul as the life of his life, he must put his happiness at the hazard of every day's chances of life and death; if he give himself to some great devotion, he must be ready to be searched through and through as by fingers of fire, to be called higher and higher by a voice which takes no heed of obstacles, to live day by day in the presence of an ideal which accepts nothing less perfect than itself.

For Love is a more terrible master than law, and they who follow must stand ready to strip themselves of all

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lesser possessions. Dante looked at the terrors of Hell and heard the groans of Purgatory before he found Beatrice waiting to walk beside him in the ineffable sweetness and peace of Paradise; for the keys of the heavenly place were in the hands of Love.

## The Best Service

**M**ARCUS AURELIUS, who had many serious things to say about the most serious crises in life, and whose high virtue and loyalty to noble ideals of duty have reinforced and strengthened some of the best men and women in all subsequent ages, had much to say also along the lines of the every-day practice of humble virtues; for he was eminently a wise man and knew that greatness is built up, not by single efforts in striking crises, but by the repetition of small acts in every-day experiences. He wrote: "Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I, who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the

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nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him."

This is a paragraph from what might be called the working philosophy of an independent and gracious life — the life of the man or woman who meets freely the disagreeable things of the world, the ungracious, repellent, and mean persons of whom society contains so many, but refuses to be affected by them. It is a part of a gracious and beautiful life to turn the edge of gossip, of cynicism, of envy, and of hatred by keeping resolutely out of the mood in which these motives and feelings are possible. The busybody who has evil things to hint and base things to tell of others succumbs to the rebuke of silence, and the stream of misrepresentation dries up in the atmosphere

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of unspoken condemnation. The envious find the air which surrounds a generous soul uncongenial, and the ungrateful and arrogant are driven back upon themselves in the presence of those to whom gratitude, humility, and generosity of judgment are habitual. One may go through life almost silent and yet change the atmosphere of the road along which he travels; for to express one's nature it is often unnecessary to speak. Kindness, generosity, and a spirit of unselfishness escape from some men and women in their most silent moods and pervade the places in which they are. It is matter of no consequence to us that those about us are ungenerous, envious, and bearers of false tales. There is no reason why we should descend from the hillsides on which we live into the swamp because other men and women like the miasma. No man need be ignoble in this world because the world is full of ignoble people; for, as Marcus Aurelius points out, those who love the higher



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things love them because they have seen how beautiful they are, and those who stand for the baser things stand for them because they have not seen their ugliness. The man who looks at a beautiful view from the side of a mountain ought to be very tender of the blind man who finds nothing but the roughness of the road and the bitterness of his lack of vision. There are many people to whom life is mean and small because they have never seen the nobler side of it. Such men and women are to be pitied even more than they are to be condemned, and the way to serve them is to open their eyes.

The eyes of the blind are never opened by violence, and the best way to persuade other men to cease bearing tales, using envious speech, and forgetting the debt of gratitude is to show forth day by day the beauty of appreciative speech, of generous recognition, and of that kindly interpretation which puts the best light on character and deeds. If it be true that a good deed shines like a light in

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the world, it is much more true that a beautiful character is like a beacon; it not only illuminates, but it also warns and guides. It shines brightest when the clouds are black about it and the earth is hidden from view by the darkness. The most profound influence exercised by the loving and the devoted is unconsciously put forth. They serve others when they are unaware that any virtue passes from the hem of their garments; and the chief concern of a man or woman should be, not to correct others, but to keep the stream of influence which flows from them pure at the source; for an example is ten times more persuasive and searching than any reproof or direct suggestion. In a corrupt society a good man or a pure woman stands out with marvelous brightness, and the worse society society is, the less excuse is there for corruption. Those who charge their faults upon their environment, and who mitigate their judgment of themselves by the reflection that the standards of those

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about them are low, fail to see that they are passing the severest condemnation upon themselves. To have seen the light and not to live by it is to sin, not only against the light, but against one's less fortunate fellows. It is nothing to us that others are envious, malicious, deceitful, and ungrateful; our concern is with ourselves. So long as we are generous, appreciative, truth-loving, we may let the world take care of itself; we shall have rendered it our best service.

## A Secret of Youth

ONE of the good signs of the time is the fact that people no longer conceive of life as arbitrarily divided into periods of time. The women of forty to-day do not follow the habit of their ancestors, and put on caps and take to knitting, under the impression that henceforth for them there is laid up nothing but the profound respect which children ought to pay to advanced years, peace after toil, and the making of an endless series of small garments for newcomers. A recent writer in *The Atlantic* expressed the hope that some day the dear old lady of silvery hair and quiet gown and the ripening and mellow charm of advancing years will return to us. Something undoubtedly has been lost, but very much has been gained. The old-age limit was absurdly premature from Shakespeare's time to the time of our immediate ances-

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tors. Emerson somewhere recalls the remark of an old gentleman who said that he had been born at a most unlucky time of transition; when he was a boy the greatest respect was paid to old age, and now that he was old the greatest respect was paid to children.

There has been a great extension of the time of activity for men and women since the middle of the last century. People are no longer ashamed to be about and doing their work at eighty. They no longer feel compelled to apologize to their young descendants for standing in the way. They have discovered that old age is a relative term, and that, unless serious physical disablements or crippling disease come, at eighty one may be active without being disrespectful to the younger generation or lacking in respect for one's own contemporaries. There was a great deal of truth in the statement of a French writer that the gods made us all immortal and that old age is a voluntary matter.

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Age is largely a matter of habit; and most people who grow old, in the sense of losing their interest and their working power, fall insensibly into the slough of inactivity because they do not understand how to feed their spirit and nourish their bodies. Youth is not a matter of years; it is a matter of spiritual condition. It does not consist simply in young muscles and arteries that have not yet begun to harden; the root of it is freshness of feeling, vitality of interest, and joy in one's work. Men and women become old by involuntary mental process; by thinking themselves old. They dwell so much on the mortal side that they forget their immortality. Disuse of muscle in any part of the body speedily means stagnation and hardening; giving up interest in life, going into voluntary retirement, coming to anchor with the intention of never putting to sea again, is insensibly followed by spiritual and physical acceptance of declining energy and fading interests. The mortal must be kept alive by the immor-

## A Secret of Youth

tal; the body kept young by the mind; the mind fed by constant contact with fresh ideas. The conservatism of old age lies chiefly in closing the doors, shutting the windows, and barring the house against the new ideas of a new time. It has come to be almost a tradition that old people are pessimists, bewailing the degeneracy of the later times, and holding constantly before the eyes of their younger contemporaries the charm and beauty of a past age. A little intimate knowledge of history speedily cures all this. If one is not willing to keep up his interest in acting history, if one has an open door only for old friends and never makes new ones, if one has no companionship with the later world and the rising ideas which are always coming into it, his house becomes desolate and he falls into melancholy. When the years begin to multiply, one must fasten back the shutters and leave the latch-string out; one must insist on his immortality. Elderly people must keep at the head

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of the procession in their hospitality to new ideas.

Variety and charm and interest lie in the preservation of freshness. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "Cling to your youth. It is the artist's stock in trade. Do not give up that you are aging, and you won't age." In this familiar and homely advice is hidden the secret of the artist's power and charm. He never grows old; things never become commonplace to him; the colors do not fade. As a matter of fact, they never fade; it is the perceptions which become duller, the interest which becomes less keen. A good many men and women have discovered that it is a good thing to associate intimately with persons younger than themselves. This is one refuge against old age, but the real refuge is within. It is the assertion of one's immortality, the consciousness day by day, in all relations and occupations, that one is going forward and not backward; that the world, which grows sadder because one's com-



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panions go out of it, is growing brighter because one is pushing toward the dawn and not toward the sunset. There is a great mass of misleading and cynical philosophy about old age. Poetry is full of images of disenchantment created for the greater part by disenchanted men. There was a profound truth in the old Greek picture of the spirit beginning its life in a strongly built house, protected from all the elements; finding presently that the house begins to be less secure; discovering at last that it begins to crumble, and at the end that it falls in ruins — only to leave the man free under the open sky.

## Make the Time You Want

**I**F the census-takers went into such matters, the return of men and women who are anxious to do certain things but "cannot find the time" would run into large figures. There is no more prevalent or pathetic illusion, no more delusive excuse and evasion, than inability to find time to do real things in a strong way. For time is not found; it is made. What we call time, meaning the flight of hours recorded by the clock, is simply the raw material of which time is made. It is mere duration; time is duration turned to account, used, directed to definite ends. We make all the time we really use, and we make it by using it. It is a fallacy that men kill time; they cannot kill what does not exist for them; they simply miss the opportunity to make time; they kill their chances. In vacation days busy people rest by not making time; they hang up the receiver, so to

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speaking, and no call of work or duty reaches them; they shut off connection with the raw material which, in working hours, runs through their looms and becomes time; that is, duration made significant, fruitful, intelligent, beautiful.

Races that have made no progress for centuries are often spoken of as old races, and men and women whose years have been many and idle are described as old people; with the implication that age of itself entitles races and people to a certain authority. The feebleness that comes with the burden of years demands the utmost courtesy and the tenderest care; but there is nothing in age of itself which carries authority or enforces respect. Mere duration has nothing in it that claims the reverence of men; time, which is duration made significant and fruitful, alone wears the crown of that authority which rests on ripe thought, deep experience, inward growth. A man may have length of years and be as devoid of wisdom as a child of yesterday; a race may have

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counted thirty centuries and remain where it was when the years began to fly over it, as the birds pass over the fields and leave no trace behind. It is duration transformed into time that counts.

There is an abundance of this raw material if one knows how to change it into time. This is not accomplished by the rattle of machinery, by rushing about from point to point as if one had great undertakings on all sides, by breathless haste and many lamentations that there is no chance to get things done; that is as much a waste of the opportunity of making time as sitting idle and, with folded hands, letting the days slip down the western slope of the sky without care or thought. It is as easy to waste the raw material of time noisily as silently; to be idle in a tumult as in a dream. Some of the most useless people in the world are the most vociferous; some of the greatest makers of time are the quietest. To turn duration into time and not let the threads run into a meaningless

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tangle, one must have a design, some skill in working, and a steady purpose. A host of those whose looms never start have a mass of designs in mind; the trouble is that they never decide which pleases or interests them most. Another host start a design only to tire of it and begin another. And a still larger number let things go as they may, and "take what comes." Nothing comes, because everything must be made; that is the beneficent law of life. Nature takes care that no man gets morally, intellectually, or spiritually rich by sitting still and letting things pour into his lap. Wealth in these imperishable things is a matter of time for every man and woman; and time is not given; it must be made. If you want time for great tasks, for fine growth, for beautiful accomplishments, for rich resources of all sorts, do not wait for it; it will never come to you; make it by selection of design, concentration of effort, the vital skill that is born of devotion, intelligence, putting one's heart into one's work.

## A Tragedy of the Good

**T**HE figure of a man appointed to die on a certain day and begging for a little more time was very familiar to the mediæval imagination, and appeared in many variations of a story whose pathos and meaning even the way-faring man could not fail to read. In our day thoughtful men pray, not to be saved from death, but from what many call life. They are so overloaded with responsibilities and compassed about with what they regard as duties that they have become mere automatic machines. They keep their engagements and do the work assigned them on the hour; they are models of punctuality and often miracles of executive fidelity; but they are selling their birthright of time as if they held it by absolute ownership and not in trust. A great deal has been said of late about the absence of the sense of responsibility

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in those who are trustees charged with the care of other people's interests, and of the tendency of men who control great properties to give away that which is not their own. This is precisely what a host of good men and women are doing through a mistaken notion that life is wholly a matter of action, and that the measure of service is the number of activities to which one gives a hand. It would be just as rational to say that the wisest man is he who has read the greatest number of books, and the most learned woman she who has taken the greatest number of post-graduate courses; when, as a matter of common knowledge, the omnivorous reader and the omnivorous taker of special courses are never wise and seldom educated.

It is very easy to drift into devouring activities, and many discover too late that they have mortgaged themselves for more than their value; they have pledged their entire capital of strength, time, and ability, and have parted with their most

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precious possession — the power of inward growth. To such men and women, depleted by the incessant drain on resources which they have no chance to build up, and deadened in body and soul by the merciless strain of unrelieved activity, the prayer for time becomes a cry of acute suffering. Those who are content to be machines and are satisfied with “keeping things going” will not understand this experience; but many heroic workers know the sense of utter failure which comes in the midst of successful work; the longing of the soul for time to be by itself with nature and with God; to get the meaning out of experience by meditating upon it; to lie fallow until the earlier and the later rains have fertilized the soil to the point where life is ready to rise out of it in a great rush of joyous energy.

Men were not made to become machines; they were made living creatures, and they need the nourishment of reflection, observation, reading, leisure, pleas-



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ure. The time that comes to them is a gift from God; they are to make free use of it, but they can neither sell it nor give it away. They must enrich it, multiply its earning power, put it out at interest; they cannot divide it between a number of beneficiaries and have done with it. It is for the use of their souls as well as of their brains and hands; it belongs to the Giver, and it must be used subject to the condition which He imposes. To work so hard that one has no time to think of Him is a tragic folly, no matter how honorable the work may be; to give one's self so entirely to activities that one has no time for his soul, no leisure for inward growth, no opportunity to let the springs of life fill and fertilize the spirit, is to make a dismal failure of life, no matter how unselfish the activities may be. In this world men are held as rigidly responsible for the use of good sense, wise judgment, clear intelligence, as for the moral qualities of their actions. Their blunders and fol-

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lies are punished as certainly as their sins. The man who makes a machine of himself by giving to activity the portion of time which belongs to his soul becomes as metallic and barren as the selfish drudge; the woman whose days are unbroken successions of engagements loses the finer quality, the higher power, of her nature, as inevitably as if she were given up to frivolity. There are tragedies of the good as well as of the bad; there are failures among those who mean well, as among those who mean ill. The man who sells his birthright for a good cause sells it just as truly as he who parts with it for a mess of pottage; and there are few things more pitiful than a man become such a slave to good works that he starves in the midst of plenty.

## Simplicity of Life

**T**HOSE who read the daily newspapers, monthly magazines, and current books detached from the older literature, the earlier histories, and the records in other forms of the past, must feel that this is the worst of all possible times, and that the whole world is rapidly going to the bad. As a matter of fact, looking at the situation in the perspective of history, and taking all sides of life into consideration, there probably never was a more humane, generous, and open-hearted period than the present. The age does not fundamentally differ, except in the scale on which things are done, from the ages which preceded it, and where it differs it generally registers an advance. One radical difference between this period and earlier periods is in the extension and thoroughness of our knowledge of social conditions. We know the

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world with a minuteness and accuracy of which our forefathers did not dream. We know our own country almost as familiarly as they used to know their towns. We know social conditions almost as well as they knew family conditions. The result is that we are confronted by a host of problems which are neither new nor more numerous than the problems of earlier times, but which, in their extent and fundamental character, are brought into clear light for the first time.

One of the prime difficulties of modern life is its complexity. In this respect it stands in striking contrast to many preceding ages. But complexity of condition is a very different matter from complexity of mind. It is a great mistake to imagine that the two are synonymous; that simple conditions necessarily create the simple life, and that complex conditions create complex habits of life. As a matter of fact, the simple life is inward, not outward; it is a matter of the spirit,

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and only to a limited extent a matter of outward conditions and habits. It can be achieved as easily and it has been lived as nobly in palaces as in the most unpretentious and obscure homes. There has probably never been a more conspicuous example of the simple life than that which was furnished by a Roman Emperor; and any one who has a large knowledge of men knows how often the complex life — that is to say, the life of confusion — is led by people of the greatest obscurity and the smallest means.

No man or woman need live a complex life because the age is complex. Confusion of thought is an inward condition, not the result of outward circumstances. An ignorant man is perplexed and confused, and, if he has imagination, almost overpowered, by the immense number of articles in a single room in a museum; the curator, on the other hand, is perfectly at home in the whole collection because the lines of his knowledge run through the vast space and range the

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myriad objects in clear and definite order. That they are numbered by the thousands is of no possible consequence when one understands where to place them and what they signify. The New York Medical Journal prints a very interesting article by Dr. Clement A. Penrose, of Baltimore, on a class whom this physician calls the "mind-weary;" people who have lost the faculty of thinking for themselves, or the desire to do so, and are looking about for some ready-made remedy for an inward condition, some outward path as a means of escape from intellectual confusion. "How many thousands of these poor, mind-weary wretches are on the lookout for some simple, plausible, easy solution of the problems of life that will get them out of all its responsibility!" Nothing exhausts the mind like confusion; and there are vast numbers of men and women who are suffering to-day from weariness of mind because they lack organizing ideas of life. This is the ex-

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planation for the singular prosperity of quacks and spiritual pretenders of all sorts, and for the flourishing of occultism, which always reappears when men lose their grip on clear, definite, and powerful religious convictions. Instead of convents and monasteries, society is full to-day of all kinds of refuges from the weariness of life and from its perplexities and cares; shelters devised sometimes by half-educated, well-meaning enthusiasts, sometimes by persons of unusual clairvoyant or hypnotic gifts, who start honestly and then become humbugs when they discover the financial possibilities of their unusual gift, or by out-and-out deceivers and beguilers who understand how to prey upon the credulous, and who know how easy it is to collect a crowd if one will only stand and look steadfastly into the sky.

The New York *Tribune*, in commenting on Dr. Penrose's paper, says very truly that many people are struggling vainly to piece together into a rational

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system the alleged discoveries of psychology and medicine; that they are swamped by a flood of unorganized facts. During the last quarter of a century information of all sorts touching the structure of the universe and the organization of the human spirit has rolled in like a tide; new vistas of knowledge have opened up on all sides; popular reports of every form of religion are at hand; every esoteric philosophy has its manuals; all the arts and sciences are represented on the book-shelves of the libraries in a vast number of easily written volumes; political economy and sociology are studied by children barely out of their infancy under the tuition of well-meaning but half-educated men and women. When one considers the volume of misinformation now distributed through society, and the mass of ill-digested thinking to which the average man and woman are exposed, it is astonishing that there is not more brain-weariness, and that a greater number of



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people do not fall prey to the delusions of the moment—those easy-going solutions of the problems of life which push aside responsibility and settle all questions out of hand. Many men and many women are bewildered by the number of gates through which they can pass into different fields of knowledge, and try first one path and then another, only to come back to the point of departure and start afresh, with a constantly deepening confusion of thought. They are eager to understand all the sciences, to master the technique of all the arts, to know the ritual of all religions and to worship all the gods; and the result is that they become mere encyclopædias of popular misinformation, but encyclopædias without order, definition, accuracy, illumination.

The remedy for this confusion is a clear recognition that no human being can settle all questions, master all knowledge, or try all experience; that every man must select the things which belong

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to him and leave the other things alone; that to do anything strongly and competently involves leaving many other things undone; that before each human soul lies one path, and that by keeping to that path salvation is secured. One definite and commanding idea of life, resolutely and patiently worked out and followed, brings one to wisdom and power, while a great number of ideas which touch only the circumference of one's experience bewilder and confuse. He who can be efficient and fruitful if he stays where he belongs, becomes a mere cumberer of the ground when he strays into places where he has no real ties. The question for men and women to-day is not whether they will understand everything and use everything, but what they shall resolutely cut off; it is not a question of taking things on, but of leaving things out. The genius of the simple life lies in accepting a fundamental conception of what one is here for. If one has such a conception,

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it will impose order on the outward confusion, give one peace in outward turmoil, preserve one from the temptations of a thousand voices calling tumultuously and discordantly from all quarters, and bring that quiet unfolding, that inward growth, which is the business of life.

## By-Products in Life

ONE of the prime sources of modern wealth is the saving of by-products. In the days before science came to the aid of business everything was sacrificed to turn out one major product, and nobody realized the enormous waste of materials that went on in almost every factory. To-day, as the result of larger knowledge and of more skillfully devised machinery, a thousand things which once went to the refuse heap are turned to account and made almost as profitable as the chief product of the factory. In many cases by-products have become so valuable that they have been transformed into major products, and the scrap-heap has been converted into salable property. A good many people are still going on in the old way and conducting the business of life as if only one or two results could be secured. They set out to be

## By-Products in Life

strong, and therefore they live as if the process of getting strength excluded the gaining of all the other virtues; in this way they throw away the by-products and miss great chances of wealth. In getting strength it is easy to get sweetness as well. The same process which makes men and women strong will also make them sweet if they will bring intelligence to bear on what they are doing.

Many people have a highly commendable purpose to become truth-tellers; but because they discard the by-products of tact and sympathy they lose the kind of prosperity which makes a man a great capitalist for his friends in time of need. The world is full of people who work so hard to do their duty that they do nothing else and make the friends of good causes as unhappy as their enemies. The by-products of duty-doing are good sense, feeling for others, and the flexibility which arms high purpose and great integrity with a contagious kindness of temper. In morals the by-products are as produc-

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tive of ease and comfort as in business.

Many men and women are persuaded that "Order is Nature's first law," and strive to obey that law by putting everything with which they are concerned into its place and keeping it there. This is the secret of effectiveness on a large scale; it is also one of the secrets of comfortable living. Only the orderly man or woman can handle great affairs with ease and despatch or be thoroughly comfortable in a life of busy and many-sided activities. Unfortunately, in becoming orderly some people make themselves the rigid incarnation of a single principle, the living embodiment of a single method, and are transformed into slaves instead of servants. Few people are more terrible to their associates than those who have imbibed the passion for order; who cannot see anything out of place without internal misery and external action; in whose hands the spirit of a home is sacrificed for the sake of an immaculately clean and orderly house;

## By-Products in Life

who become so absorbed in pursuing method that the spirit of any enterprise with which they are connected is often throttled. Order, like every other method, ought to be generously and comfortably enforced; and one of the by-products in making one's self orderly is a certain adaptability to conditions. Order was made for man, not man for order; and those who are well trained in keeping things in their place will have the good sense and graciousness to allow things to be out of their place when conditions make that state of affairs either excusable or necessary. Like everything else, order must sometimes yield to more immediate necessities.

There is a still larger host of people who are bent on being useful, no matter what it costs themselves or their friends. Now usefulness is the characteristic of all people who achieve anything, either in themselves or in society. In an order of life which necessitates co-operation, activity, and thoughtfulness—the quali-

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ties which make one useful—to be an idler is to fail in one's primary duty. But one ought to be useful agreeably and with a certain charity towards others. The fact that one drives one's self with the spur of conscience does not empower one to drive everybody else. Many excellent people go through life like Alberich cracking a long lash over the heads of the unfortunate Nibelungen. There are many homes in which the demon of usefulness drives out the spirit of joyful consecration to work and duty, and goodness is so violent that it becomes a kind of disorder, and virtue so aggressive that it takes on the aspect of a destroying angel. In order to be useful it is not necessary to become a slave-driver. The by-products of the struggle to be useful are patience, the spirit of co-operation, the habit of recognizing good work, the desire to stimulate and persuade rather than to goad and irritate. Blessed are the good with whom it is pleasant to live!



## The Value of Appreciation

**M**ANY men and women underestimate the value of expression; they take too many things for granted; they assume that their affection, or their gratitude, or their sense of obligation, is understood without words. Such people are often surrounded by those who are craving some expression of affection, some word of approval, some kind of recognition. The best work is sometimes done with shut teeth and a fixed purpose, in dead silence, so far as the world is concerned, without a murmur of applause or a word of thanks; but this is not the way in which work ought to be done among intelligent men and women, and it is not the way in which, as a rule, the best work is evoked from the greatest number of people. The majority of men and women get the best out of themselves when they are in a congenial atmos-

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phere. This is particularly true of those finer kinds of work which express individuality, quality, and personal gift. A man may do a piece of mechanical work in arctic coldness; he may do it thoroughly in the face of distinct disapproval; but it is very difficult to do the work into which one puts his heart, and which is the expression of the finest elements in one, unless there is some warmth in the atmosphere, something which summons out of their hiding-places the most delicate and beautiful possibilities of one's nature. It is true a man like Dante can do a sublime piece of work with no other approval than his own conscience, with no other reward than his own consciousness of having done his work with a man's integrity and an artist's thoroughness; but men of Dante's temperament are few; and there are a great many other kinds of work, as important as that which Dante did, which could not possibly be done under such conditions.

It is the duty of every man, not only

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to do his work as thoroughly as possible, but to create the atmosphere in which other men and women can do their work thoroughly and well. It is the duty of every man, not only to unfold his own character freely and completely, but to create the atmosphere in which other people are able to develop their best qualities. There are hosts of men and women who depend absolutely on others for their finest growth, who have to be drawn out, whose sweetness and charm never find expression unless they are evoked by warm affection or by generous approval. The world is full of half-starved people whose emotions are denied their legitimate expression; who are hungry for an affection which they often have but the possession of which they do not realize because it never finds expression; who have latent possibilities of achievement of a very high order, but whose possibilities are undeveloped because nothing in the air about them summons them forth. Such people need

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a summer atmosphere, and they are often compelled to live in a winter chill. Many of those who diffuse the chill instead of the cheer are unconscious of the influence for repression which they put forth simply from lack of thought about the delicate adjustments of life. They have never studied themselves, or those about them; and so there are thousands of homes that are without cheer, not because they are without love, but because they are without the expression of love; and there are thousands of offices, workshops, and school-rooms that are without inspiration, not because they are lacking in earnestness or in integrity, but because the habit of recognition has never been formed, and there is none of that spiritual co-operation which not only gives but evokes the best.

There is in life no more pathetic feature than the hunger for a love which exists but never expresses itself, and therefore, so far as comfort, warmth, or inspiration is concerned, is as if it were

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not. There is a capital of affection and good intention in the world sufficient to warm the whole atmosphere, if it were used; but there are hundreds of capitalists of this kind who leave their names untouched, and who enrich neither themselves nor others because they do not know how to give currency to their wealth. Love is not to be hoarded, but to be spent. It is great in the exact measure in which it is given; it returns in the exact measure in which it is sent away; and society needs nothing to-day so much as the use of this unused capital. If men of integrity and good intentions in the world of business would manifest their real feeling towards their associates and their employees by constant recognition of work well done, by the words spoken almost at random which show that a piece of work is valued and that credit is rendered to the worker, a large percentage of the social unrest would disappear; for love is the only solvent of the social problems.

## Immortal Love

ON the horizon of human thought three great ideas rise from the solid earth into the clouds like vast mountain summits. For many generations, whenever men have lifted their eyes from the little space of ground on which they were working, they have seen these sublime lifts of the common soil skyward. For, dim and remote as these reaches of upland have looked, they have somehow seemed to be of the same substance of which human life is compounded every inch of common earth predicting the mass and majesty of the hills. At the beginning these distant peaks were so remote that they were almost indistinguishable from clouds, so unsubstantial and visionary did they appear—dreams sent to give a sense of space and range to the dwellers in the narrow house of life. As time brought that experience which is the de-

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posit of truth in the heart by the process of living, the massive outlines became more distinct, and the dream slowly took on the aspect of reality. Generation after generation lifted its eyes, and the vague forms drew nearer and wore more familiar forms, until they have become in very truth the hills of God.

Eternity, infinity, immortality, are, for those who look up to the hills whence cometh their help, no longer vague and visionary dreams of men tossing restlessly in the darkness of a night which does not bring repose; they are the solid realities of a life which finds in them the assurance of the full fruition of its divinations and possibilities of growth. The world is haunted by these sublime visions whether it opens or closes its eyes; all thought and action lie visibly within the circle of these encompassing hills. The sense of the infinite is planted deep in the heart of modern men; the passion for the infinite consumes them. They have found in music a language subtle

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enough and spiritual enough not to express, but to suggest, the infinite and eternal as their spirits reach out to fulfill and possess themselves; and all art is a symbol of the perfection that immortality brings within reach of the soul. The mechanical appliances which lengthen the range of the eye and carry the voice over half a continent are crude symbols of the immense reach of the spiritual nature which has infinity, eternity, and immortality before it: infinity, room in which to bring out all the power, beauty, and fruitfulness of the soul; eternity, boundless time added to boundless space, so that all the processes of growth may fulfill themselves in endless progression of flower and fruit; immortality, the unwasted vitality which flows with increasing volume through deepening channels and gives the soul the power to possess the vastness of space and illimitable time for growth.

These great fields which open on all sides of the life of the hour and certify



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to the soul its incalculable richness, the illimitable reach of room and time, as of a structure not built by hands but rising by processes of growth which becomes more and more marvelous as they pass from stage to stage, are not matters of faith and vision for prophets and poets only; every man carries within himself, not only the evidence of the reality of these sublime ideas, but the consciousness of the power to possess all that life and time, immortality and eternity, offer him. So in that mysterious, indefinable, measureless power of devotion, self-sacrifice, and consecration which we call love, that deep-rooted genius which harmonizes idealism and service, and in the imperfection of the moment foresees the perfection of the future, lies the present evidence of the reality of the great visions, the source of the power that possesses and uses them. God has set eternity in the heart of man; in that heart he has also set infinity; for love is without measure of time or magnitude.

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Prophets and poets have strained the resources of all the languages to describe and define it, and have been content to suggest a depth and power which they can neither sound nor measure; for love is as limitless as eternity and as boundless as infinity. It is not a symbol of immortality; it is immortal. It strives to bar the door against death as against an enemy; but when the door has been forced it keeps companionship with sorrow and silently walks through invisible paths with one who has vanished, but with whom love travels undismayed through unseen worlds. Every visible thing crumbles, changes, and disappears, for the hand of time is on all things; but love, which is winged for immortal flight, escapes the tombs in which the ashes of the dead lie and the slow, immutable processes of decay which bring all things made with the hands back to the earth out of which they are built. It has no fellowship with death save as death fulfills the mandates of life and breaks the

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bonds of the spirit as it passes from one form to another; it is of the very substance of life, and moves, noiseless and indestructible, through the shadows and mutations of the world. Loneliness is often its portion and sorrow its companion; but death has no power over it.

In love the passion for the infinite finds its outlet and channel, but never its perfect easement and satisfaction; for infinity can never find space for the sweep of the wings of love under earthly skies. There are no channels of finite service deep enough to make room for its flood tides. It pours itself out lavishly and without measure, but its store remains undiminished. In the exact degree in which it gives itself as it increased, and when it seems to bankrupt itself its wealth is multiplied. It goes about in time and the world like a child that has strayed from home, seeking some one who speaks its language, and never finding the freedom of speech which it craves.

For no language is adequate to the ex-

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pression of love, though all the languages which the soul uses have striven to match its infinity of meaning with finite words. All the arts have spoken for it, but the heart of it remains without a voice. In music it has found some easement of the pain of emotion and passion and yearning unexpressed, for music is "love in search of a word." But all the resources of music cannot utter what is in the heart of love; they can only suggest its untold wealth of vision, devotion, service, and bliss. As the beauty of the dawn may for a moment here and there rapturously sing in the notes of birds which it has awakened and glow in the color of flowers which it has summoned from sleep, so music makes now and again a brief pause in the tumult of the world, and brings a sudden and wonderful silence and peace of eternity in the unrest of time; but there is only a sudden vision of heaven, and then the earth fills space again.

Love is the craving of the immortal

## Immortal Love

for its own speech; the passion of the infinite bound about for the moment by the finite; the immortal soul seeking its own and loyally waiting for it, walking beside it, pouring out upon it its limitless wealth, as it passes through the shadows of mortality.

## The Wisdom of Youth

**T**HERE is a wisdom born of long experience in the ways that are right and in paths that are sweet which all men honor and reverence, for there is something that comes to age which neither youth nor maturity can command. But there is another and so-called wisdom of age which has its roots in the weaknesses of men, not in their strength, in the failure of their endeavors, and in their doubts; the wisdom of prudence, which hugs the shore of comfort and holds back from the great adventures of the spirit, which doubts the realities of the higher life because no longer in touch with them, which challenges every generous impulse and chivalrous experiment; which sometimes recognizes the beauty of high aims, but always questions the possibility of realizing them; which sees the long line of failures, infelicities, disappointments, and says to ardent Youth, "Be sensible,

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give up your dreams, take life as you find it; be content to be the average man and the average woman in morals, efficiency, and aims; the others are only dreamers! ” “ Behold, this dreamer cometh! ” has been the cry of men and women who content themselves with this wisdom, since the beginning of time. But the dreamer comes, and once more the morning of hope dawns on the world. A few months ago in all parts of the English as in the German speaking world there were commemorations of the hundredth anniversary of the death of a man who was scorned as a dreamer in his time, so beautiful were his visions and so impracticable; but the men who scorned him are forgotten, and all the world loves Schiller, not because he did things with his hands, but because he was content to walk through life dreaming the noble things that were possible to men.

This miscalled wisdom of experience is the old siren song of worldiness, sung in the ears of the dwellers in Mesopo-

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tamia before there were sails on the Mediterranean. It is the philosophy of the men and women who have exchanged their ideals for their comfort, and, because their ideals no longer live with them, believe that ideals have ceased to exist for everybody else. Such a man looks out of the window of his well-furnished and comfortable room and shrugs his shoulders as he sees youth storm past, ardent, impetuous, filled with great hopes; and goes back to his fire and thinks himself wise, and does not know that he is the typical fool of whom the Bible tells us, who said, "There is no God!" This prudent, calculating, doubtful attitude toward life would be sound if it were not based on the fundamental error that there is no God. In "Hamlet" the cautious, prudent, careful Polonius, warning his son against all manner of danger and counseling him to keep away from life, but never telling him how to meet and master it, would be right, George MacDonald once said, if



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the devil were God. But because the devil is not God it is the most shortsighted policy in the world. The wisdom of youth, faith, hope, enthusiasm, is based on the fundamental fact that there is a God, that therefore the best things are true, and that the best things belong to men and are within their reach if not their grasp. There is no dream which does not fall short of the reality, because there is a God. Youth trusts instinctively the hidden forces instead of fearing them, marches boldly into life instead of intrenching itself against life, risks years, life, talent, heart, as great souls have always risked these things, in believing that there are few things in life worth getting but a host of things worth being and a host of things worth doing; that it is better to meet with shipwreck seeking worlds than to rot in harbor-safety! Where is safety, except in doing the highest things possible to us and going to the ultimate harbor where we can cast anchor at last?

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If this modern world is to be saved, it must deepen its faith, must freshen its hope, must preserve its enthusiasm. Its problems are so perplexing, its cares so many, its duties so difficult, that nothing can save it but a great tide of spiritual vitality. What is needed in private and in public life is not so much knowledge of what ought to be done as strength to do what we know is waiting to be done. Never has the fight between the things of the body and the things of the spirit been so sharply defined as on this continent to-day, because never anywhere have the material prizes of life been so great. It is idle to preach poverty to men; it is idle to tell them to stop getting rich; they cannot help it. The combination of the genius which God has put into them, with the knowledge of the modern world and the resources of that world, compels men to be rich. To preach poverty as it was preached in the Middle Ages would be to preach suicide to men. To say, "Arrest your

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effort, curb your energy, stop your activity," would mean going backward. What ought to be said is not, "You must become poorer," but, "You must become stronger." The wealth of the world can be carried if we only know its spiritual possibilities. Wealth is a merciless and brutal tryant if it is a master; it is a marvelous servant if it is under the hand; and the one real question on this continent is whether we are to be the servants of our fortune or the masters of it as well as its makers.

The real antagonist to the spirit of materialism is the spirit of youth — faith in the things of the soul, joy in the work of life, belief in its highest aims, enthusiasm in its service. Nothing ages men like complete absorption in affairs; nothing keeps men young like freedom of the spirit; it is the letter that killeth; it is the spirit that giveth life.

## Making Opportunities

**I**T cannot be too often said to men and women of all ages, nor with too ample illustration, that opportunities are never to be waited for and that they come unawares. Great things are gained by intelligent and patient waiting; but the man who stands beside the highway of life waiting, not for something which he is prepared to receive but for something which accident may throw in his way, will never be overtaken by Fortune. When Fortune comes his way she will pass without any recognition from him. It sometimes seems as if life were a great game, and as if the invisible player against whom all men and women are matched delighted in perplexing and confusing his opponents. As a matter of fact, life is so saturated with the moral quality that every step brings us face to face with a new test. The great things

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are for the most part so humbly garbed that, unless we penetrate their disguise, we do not recognize them until they have passed and are a long way off, when we discern their majesty. In Emerson's poem "The Days" are represented as appearing with empty hands and in the humblest dress; but if a man fails to recognize them, he sees, after they have passed, that they are queens in disguise and that their hands are full of the choicest gifts.

The difference between men and women lies largely in the ability or the lack of ability to penetrate the disguise of the opportunity and detect its true nature. As a rule, the great opportunities on which success turns come in unexpected moments and ways; and the great majority of men who have attained marked success, as they look back, see clearly that they passed the turning-points in their career when they were quite unaware that they were on critical ground. No one ever knows when his opportunity

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will come; no one ever knows when the decisive moment of his life will arrive. The great crises are often like a bolt out of the blue of a summer day; there is not a moment for preparation. In such crises all that a man has been doing in the way of preparation suddenly bears its fruit. He often acts instinctively; he does that which he is in the habit of doing; and, because he is in the habit of doing his best and all his instincts prompt him to put forth the best that is in him, he seizes the golden moment and does not discover until long afterwards that it was golden. He meets his great crises with clear intelligence and a resolute will, and passes it successfully before he is aware that it is upon him.

Opportunities are created by the development of the power which deals with them, and they come to men and women, as a rule, in exact proportion to the ability to recognize and handle them. There are of course vast differences of condition and ability between men, but opportuni-

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ties come to all. The difference lies in the ability to seize the right moment and make effective use of what is thrown in one's path. Successful careers often read like romances, so full do they seem of the chances of life, so purely accidental appear to be, at the first glance, the openings of the gates of success. It is true that Malibran happened to pass under the window of the house when the young violinist, Ole Bull, was practicing, and that apparent accident gave the brilliant young violinist the great opportunity for which he longed; but Malibran would not have paused, nor would Ole Bull have been sent for, if the notes of the violin had not, by their compelling beauty and power, arrested her attention and made the fortune of the player. It was not Malibran who gave Ole Bull his chance; it was his own magical skill. Malibran furnished the opportunity, but the opportunity would have come in some other way if the famous singer had not passed under the window of the violinist. Men

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and women who could help us are always passing under our windows, but if there is nothing in us which lays a spell upon them, they do not know that they have passed our way and we are never aware of it. The streets are thronged with those who could open the doors, and the houses they pass are full of men and women who long to have the doors opened; but it is only the man or woman of skill, power, training, and discipline who can arrest the attention and command the chance. The way to secure opportunity is to walk resolutely on the pathway along which opportunity comes. He who waits wastes his life. He who takes his fate in his hand and goes forward, sooner or later finds the time of his deliverance and the place of his achievement.



## Face to Face

**T**HE bitter outcry of Carlyle, "If God would only speak again in these days as he has spoken in other days!" has risen many times from many hearts. God spoke to Abraham, to Moses, to Elijah, to Paul, to Augustine, to John Knox; why has he become silent when the world so sorely needs guidance and heartening? "If God would only speak!" is the passionate cry of many an overburdened man and woman at the very moment when God is speaking. It is so much easier to hear the still, small voice in a past the tumult and turmoil of which have died into silence, than to hear that voice in the uproar of the present; to see the divine guidance when the long path lies clear in history as an upland road on a keen November morning, than to see it as it unfolds step by step at our feet! Moreover, God uses many languages,

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and continually approaches new generations of men in view forms of speech; so that each generation must master a new tongue if it would understand the divine message. Sometimes it is a sound like a voice out of heaven, sometimes a vision of an angel in the night, sometimes a dream of a ladder reaching to the skies, sometimes the burning of a bush which is not consumed, sometimes the roar of overwhelming waves and thundering heavens, sometimes a breath of consuming wrath, and sometimes a great peace. In a thousand ways God speaks to men in an intercourse and fellowship which is never broken for an instant; in the circle of which all men are included, whether prophets, poets, kings, and saints, or fishermen and outcasts; which includes the good and the bad in the same infinite compassion and love.

For God speaks as distinctly and directly to the man in his sins as in his holiest moments; and exposure, punishment, and shame are as much and as

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truly evidences of his presence as honor and influence and the happiest rewards of the pure life. When sins are uncovered and men brought to judgment, God's voice is heard as distinctly as when the same voice said, above the waters of baptism, "This is my beloved Son." When exposure and disgrace overtake men of position and reputation, God's voice says, "These are my children; I will not suffer them to sink to the lowest pit; they shall be saved as by fire." It is the infinite tenderness no less than the infinite justice that overtakes men who have lost the way and are selling their souls in the desert of greed and ambition and love of power. Happy is the man whose evil deed comes to the light and confronts him on the highway before he has gone over the final precipice into the pit; and happy is the community when its moral diseases reveal themselves; for it is better to be outwardly loathsome for a time than to be inwardly vile and no physician the wiser! God is speak-

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ing in these recent years in no uncertain sound, and herein, rather than any prosperity of lands or factories or ships, lies the good fortune of our time. Through the deafening noise of machinery and trade and pleasure come once more those divine tones which, whether in righteous indignation or in yearning tenderness, are the precious evidence of the sonship of man and the fatherhood of God. The happy hour for the prodigal was not that which found feasting with his fellows, crowned with flowers and lying in the arms of pleasure; but that which came to him when he herded with the swine, and his father's voice suddenly called him from the far country home.

## The Last Vigil

**A** WELL-KNOWN bas-relief represents an old man and woman replenishing a torch. In the stir and exhilaration of the lighting of the torches, in the joy of bearing them swiftly through the gloom, or watching them as they shine in the mist which lies on the highway of life, there is danger of forgetting those who have run the race and now, in weariness and often in great loneliness, are silently waiting the sinking of the fire of the torch. They are out of sight and sometimes out of mind; for there is always an eager interest at the starting-point and an engrossing absorption in the running when the day is at its height; and there were once for these keepers of lonely vigils shouts of praise, and there were later the pain and strain of the race in its hardest stretches. For those whose faces are

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aglow with the earliest joy of the running, or are set with the stern resolution of those who have forgotten the applause and care now only to touch the goal, there wait the same quiet vigil; the same lonely watching of the sinking fire.

Tenderness and devotion to those who no longer press along the course are due not to age as a matter of time—the years mean nothing unless they bear the harvests of true living and store the granaries of experience—but to the race well run, the work well done, the pain and strife and sorrow bravely borne, the allotted task finished in faith and purity and loyalty. Blessed are they from whose hands the torch has not fallen nor the light failed in the long trial of will and heart and nerve! They have not only made the highway easier for those who come after, but they kept faith and hope in the nobility of the race and nourished the flame for those who are waiting to leave the starting-post or are questioning, in the bitterness of the long

## The Last Vigil

trial of strength, whether the race is worth running.

Youth for dreams, maturity for putting forth the spirit in the endeavor to realize them, age for the confirmation of the hope of their reality! In all the world there is nothing so beautiful as the figure of the spent and weary runner guarding with reverent and trembling hands the torch received long ago and borne with quiet faithfulness through the joy and the pain of the years. In the confusion of life, when men dash their torches to the ground and rush about in a frenzy of passion or a chilling stoicism or with denials of the nobility and reality of the race and the meaning of it on their lips, the faithful runners not only keep their own faith but the faith of others; peace and joy are in their guardianship, and they bear the common wealth of humanity in their hands and hearts. So One ran centuries ago and was derided and scorned and buffeted, and the light he bore was dashed to the ground; but

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in the agony of death he held it aloft, and, behold! the ends of the earth are lighted by it!

But when the race is over and the throngs have passed and the runner watches the sinking flame of the torch in solitude, there often comes a great loneliness. The other runners, whose feet once trod the same way and whose voices were friendly in the darkest gloom, have vanished into the great silence; the younger runners belong to other times and have other companions even when they are most tender and reverential; it is another world than that in which the torch was lighted, and there are no more voices that share and speak from the same depth of experience.

In the loneliest hour, however, the torch remains, and from the torch streams the light, however faint, in which the past the present, and the future are held secure against the envioning darkness. It is the witness of memory; in its radiance dear faces, now vanished in



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the morning light, shine as when the glow of youth was upon them; hours of happiness, moments by the way that were full of anguish and are now fragrant with the sweetness that comes out of sorrow borne with patient trust; years of brave endeavor and quiet fidelity to tasks and works; the peace which flows from service and the joy of remembered sacrifices all these live within the circle of the flame.

There, too, faint but clear, present hope and task and reward abide; willingness to wait as well as to run, to be put aside as well as to be set at the front, to cheer the passing runner as well as to be cheered, to keep old loyalties fresh and sweet and old love young and pure in the daily renewal of memory, to stand fast as the shadows gather and to guard the sinking fire as loyally as one fed the rising flame.

So the soft light of memory and the narrowing glow within which duty reveals itself become the symbol of immor-

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tality. The darkness deepens, the world grows still, familiar sounds die into silence, upon the watcher falls the sense of isolation of those who wake while others sleep; and, lo! while the vigil is kept the gloom is shot with light, for at the closed window the light waits, and over the hills come the dawn. The vigil is at an end, and in the radiance of the morning the torch is extinguished.

## Light on the Way

**T**HE New Year finds men and women everywhere patiently or impatiently bearing heavy burdens and facing great uncertainties of fortune. It finds many more who are either accepting or rebelling against limitations of situation and conditions; it finds everywhere the presence of those austere teachers — care, grief, and the necessity for work. These great teachers, to whom all the race has gone to school since the beginning of time, wear veils over their faces; but so imperative are they, so inexorable and of such commanding attitude, that most men have come to think of them as task-masters rather than friends; as those who drive and scourge and command, rather than those who are seeking the best, and who, in the final unveiling, will reveal the faces of the truest because the most stimulating friends; for, as Emerson said

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with characteristic insight, "Our friends are those who make us do what we can." They serve us best who do not flatter, but who make us aware of our real condition, whose influence is to make us dissatisfied rather than satisfied with ourselves, and who will not suffer us to fall short of the highest of which we are capable. It is this divine element in the education of men, in all the great relations of life and under all its conditions, that makes living so difficult; for the greatness of the art or the knowledge of which one is trying to secure command is always measured by the severity of the education, and the final destiny of all who strive and bear and climb is evidenced by the severity of their training. The man who has to do an easy bit of mechanical work learns to do it in a week, but Michaelangelo, Dante, and Beethoven must serve long years of apprenticeship before the final skill comes.

The shaping of a soul requires processes more prolonged, methods more se-

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vere, tools at once more delicate and finely tempered than the shaping of the most exquisite or the most glorious piece of art ever made by the hands of men. The highest reach of art is the full expression of some experience, emotion, hope, or thought of the human soul; the highest that an artist can attain is to convey, by a few symbols, some sense of what is going on in the life of a human spirit. To shape this spirit, to give it its direction, to mold it to its highest uses, to bring it to mastery and power and freedom, is, therefore, a far more difficult matter than the training of an artist, however great, or the unfolding of any art, however glorious. This is what the school of life achieves; and because its tasks are heavy, its text-books difficult to master, its discipline severe sometimes to the point of agony, they who bear and learn and grow may take from the very severity of their training the promise and the expectation of a development which in its range, its resources, and the influ-

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ences of beauty and of peace which it will command, travels far beyond the vision of the most audacious hope.

## The Loneliness of Life

**T**HE experience of one man or woman is always the experience of many men and women. In the times when the sense of loneliness and isolation is sharpest and hardest to bear we are surrounded by those who are sharing the same loneliness and solitude. We cannot speak to one another of experiences which are shaking our spirits as a tree is shaken by the tempest, but when the silence is most impenetrable we are sharing the deep things of life. If it were not so, life would be mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," and individuality would be the evidence of a broken and dismembered humanity instead of the realization of the vastness of life as it touches the human spirit.

We are separated, not by differences of trial and sorrow, but by our inability to interpret trial and sorrow to ourselves.

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What we clearly understand we can express to others; but while we are struggling to understand we are silent, as children are silent in the presence of things which are real to them but which they cannot understand. The child most tenderly loved and wisely cared for in mind as well as in body is often pathetically lonely, not because others fail to understand him, but because he cannot understand himself. In a world full of real things and tangible happenings he is surrounded by mysteries and haunted by the sense of unseen things. The fairies, giants, witches, and strange creatures with whom children have always lived in the half-light of childhood are creations, not of their fears, but of their sense of things hidden from them. To those who love them most tenderly and are most eager to understand and help, they cannot speak of these things because they are baffled by the mystery of it all. The mother who sings to her child the wonderful song of her tender and



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passionate love holds a little stranger in arms.

We are kept apart not by differences of experience; we are all sharing the same life; it has many aspects and presents itself in many forms, but it is made up of a few deep, searching, fundamental experiences. Sorrow comes by many paths and wears many guises, but when it walks with us it is not as one sent to us alone among all the sons of men; it is the companion of all who live. Death has many ways of approach and is called by many names, but when his hand falls on us it is the hand which has summoned all who have gone before us and will summon all who come after us.

In the later childhood which we call maturity, although it has gone only a little further in the education which we call life, there is the same sense of envying mystery, the same consciousness of "moving about in worlds not realized." We are only children of a larger growth, and the reticence of childhood is upon us

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when we pass through the lonely places and wonder whither we are being led, or sit in desolation and cannot understand why the world, grown dear and familiar, has fallen in ruins about us.

The loneliness of life comes from its vastness; we are immortal in a world that perishes about us; we are stirred by the sense of greatness in our souls and weakness in our bodies; we reach out to infinity in our desires and our hands fall empty at our sides; we crave imperishable love now and here, and death robs us while we stand guard against him; we are all learning the lessons of life, but not in classes; each learns according to the laws of his individuality, through his own temperament.

The end is common, the paths are individual. Sometimes these paths run parallel for a time; often they run far apart. Sometimes we can talk by the way; often there is no speech between us because the voice cannot carry across the distance that separates us.

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But below all things that keep us apart there is a fundamental unity which prepares us for perfect companionship; as in a thousand schools, pursuing a thousand courses, we are receiving an education which liberates us for the freedom in which we shall possess ourselves and in possessing ourselves possess one another.

The loneliness of Christ came from his perfect knowledge of men and their ignorance of him. He had reached the goal, and they were so far from it that they saw it only as in rare moments they caught far and faint glimpses of it in his stainless and radiant life. He could speak to them only in parables which they but dimly understood, as children get baffling glimpses of great truths which cannot be made plain to them; this made his life a Gethsemane. His joy lay in the knowledge that the disciples were traveling his way and that the knowledge that would reveal him to them was coming day by day. The light came slowly to them as it comes to us, and there were

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many false dawns; but the day will break in which we shall look into his face and into the faces of one another and understand.

## The Credibility of Love

“**A**LL the world loves a lover” not only because he recalls a brief ecstasy in the memory of the multitude who are living in the light of common day, but because he rounds out to its full dimensions the passional and romantic capacity of the race. For a host of men and women life is a tracery, gradually becoming obliterated, of generous passions and great hopes; a fading of the sky of dawn into the dull arch of a gray noon. It is not the blackness in life that brings weariness and repulsion, it is the monotonous grayness; it is not radical skepticism that blights faith and takes the bloom off the days — it is indifference, disillusion, cynicism. The root of these destructive forces which rob life of its romance, its wonder, its perennial freshness of interest, is in the man, not in the order of things; and society has always

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been full of those who, losing the mind and heart of childhood, have not realized the aging of their spirits and have thought the world grown old. Now the lover, wiser than the children of the world, carries the fresh heart and keeps his vision securely among the blind.

“Great men are the true men,” writes Amiel, “the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary, they are in true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be.” The story of the rise of men from the stone age has been a long record of discovery — the continual finding of unsuspected wealth and of unused forces in earth and air; and it is quite certain that there are hidden from us to-day, within our reach or the reach of our children, a thousand uses of the chemistry of the soil and air, of which the marvelous divinations of the last two decades have been only dimly prophetic. If this inexhaustible treasury of uses and adaptations, of force and material, were

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not matched by a kindred capacity in men, there would have been no history of science, and the world would present the ignoble paradox of an incalculable fortune in the keeping of an imbecile. That treasury never opens save at the touch of intelligence, and the rarest things it guards are accessible only to the insight of genius, so that the story of discovery is the story of the discoverer; his growth has been registered in the uncovering of the secrets of the world in which he lives. From the beginning he has been slowly or rapidly bringing out of the depths of his nature great and heroic qualities; he has, with infinite labor, made a place for himself not only with the work but among the thoughts of God. And he is still in an early stage of his growth; despite the forebodings of the faint-hearted or the near-sighted, despite the apprehensions of those who do not recognize the multiplying signs that we are in a growing, not in a completed, universe, the future holds more spiritual and subtle gifts

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in its hands, and men are unfolding more and more the capacity to receive and use these higher things. In the face of a thousand discouraging outbreaks and downfalls, men are rising in the scale of spiritual living, and there are before the race almost unsuspected possibilities of greatness.

The unimaginative suspect the reality of the conclusions of the man of insight, and in every age the Cassandras who have foreseen the approach of fate have been rejected and scorned; but the man of imagination is the only man who really sees the world or knows what it holds for men. Greatness has so far been incredible to small men, and from time to time futile attempts are made to explain genius as a form of disease; as if the early stages of growth could be wholesome, and the supreme stage, the final decisive planting of the feet on the summit, abnormal! It is in greatness, not in littleness, that nature touches the goal of her endeavor; and great spirits are neither



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abnormal nor diseased; "they are in true order." This does not involve a new kind of men in the world; it involves a higher development of the men now in possession of the world. It may be suspected that a vast amount of what appears to be mediocrity is in reality undeveloped intelligence and power, and that society needs not so much a wider possession of intellect as a higher energizing of the intellect it is very inadequately using.

In like manner there are immense reserves of passion, devotion, chivalry, still to be drawn on; the world is full of men who might be great lovers if they knew that love is an art as well as an ecstasy. There are as many undeveloped resources of love in the hearts of men as there are undeveloped forces and qualities in the world about and the soul within us. Under the pressure of the tyranny of things, in a critical age which distrusts the reality of great spiritual superiorities and is afraid of great passions, those who might reap the uttermost harvests of love

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are content with a few sheaves; they look at the glow in the sky of youth as a pathetic promise of a day which never dawned. The ecstasies reported by the great lovers they regard as the poetic or symbolic expressions of imaginative men. To the literal-minded such an experience as that recorded in the "Vita Nuova" has no roots in reality; it is an elaborate and somewhat morbid fiction of a great poet. There are many who accept the authenticity of Romeo's consuming passion but reject utterly the sustained passion transmuted into a great idealism which has its classic examples in Beatrice and Laura. In the preoccupation of pressing affairs, the absorption of vitality in dealing with things, the imagination is undeveloped and becomes atrophied, and the stunted spirit grows skeptical of the reality and uses of poetry; and in like manner the failure to unfold the power of love by the practice of the art of loving makes the maimed spirit incredulous of the ecstasies and

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adoration of those who are possessed by the genius of passion. Mercutio makes sport of Romeo's intensity of emotion because the great passion has not touched him; let the faintest breath rest on that gallant nature and the scorn of a world would not count a feather's weight against its splendid devotion. To believe in great thoughts and deeds a man must share in them; to believe in a great passion a man must experience it; for to every man come the things which belong to him by reason of his aims, loves, faith. To the commonplace the commonplace is always present; to those who have vision as well as sight the world grows more wonderful the further they penetrate its mysteries. To the nature that has never known a great passion passing on into a secure and noble devotion the annals of love belong to the literature of fiction; to those who know what love may become in the hearts of the pure and the lives set apart to its service, they are faint transcriptions of an experience that lies

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for the most part beyond the bounds of speech.

There is a greatness in love as in mind, a superiority which reveals without explaining itself, a genius which is as real as it is inexplicable. The skepticism of those upon whom this divine grace has never rested, the cynicism of those who have lost the power of love through infidelities to its nature and laws, the indifference of those who work with their hands and are content never to look at the sky over their heads, count as little as do the blind man's doubt of the reality of painting, the deaf man's skepticism of the spell of music, the bad man's denial of virtue. In the art of love, as in all things, life is full of the pathos of the searching saying that "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

## The Easter Vision

**S**IGHT he had, but not vision. The things about him stood out with the utmost distinctness; every line was sharply defined, every feature and shape distinctly limned. So accustomed was he to entire accuracy of perception, to perfect exactness of knowledge, that he was impatient of any blur in another's sight, any uncertainty in another's report or account of things. Confidence in his own judgment had become second nature with him; he acted as one who could make no mistakes. And this was the impression others received from him. All men spoke of his clearness of judgment; of the vigor and decision of his nature; of the weight and authority of his character. He was, in a word, the master of his world.

But it was significant that, while men went to him for advice in all practical matters, no man ever sought his counsel

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in any moral confusion or uncertainty; no man struggling to his feet from the mire in which he had slipped ever turned to him for help; no man compassed about with sorrow and in the presence of the supreme experiences of life ever so much as thought of him. Exact, trustworthy, keen, truthful, the man of clear sight touched his fellows only in the world of things; when the fortunes of the soul were in the balance, he neither saw nor felt nor understood.

To him all these intangible interests were as if they were not. He managed his acres with perfect judgment, but he could not see the landscape which enveloped them; he saw the little section of world in which he worked, but the universe was invisible to him. In his sight men were born, grew into childhood and youth, passed on into manhood, did their work, died and vanished from sight, and that was the end. He saw the outlines of their character with marvelous clearness; he knew where they

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were efficient and where they were weak; he judged with exactness of their value for practical service; but of their inner experience, of their spiritual struggles, of the forces and conflicts which give character its quality and life its meaning, he knew nothing. He was a master of the knowledge of things, but no ray of that wisdom which gives a man understanding of life ever penetrated the central darkness of his mind. He had sight, but he was without vision.

Now, all the wealth of this man's nature was lavished on one whom he loved not blindly but instinctively — with the passion of the heart which gropes after those things that it needs without knowing that it needs them. In this woman's eyes the man who loved her saw, without seeing, the reflection of that heaven which was beyond his sight; and in her nature he felt, without understanding, the play and stir of those spiritual impulses and forces which slowly fashion in a mortal frame an immortal spirit; and in her life

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he was aware of a wealth of tenderness, of devotion, of self-surrender, which he could neither measure nor compute. And she became as his own soul, for she was vision to him, and in her the mystery and blessedness of life was present though never revealed.

This woman died, and the man's heart broke within him, and the world of sight lay in ruins about him; for he saw nothing save the beautiful garment which the spirit had laid aside; and that, too, was put out of his sight. He was in a prison of hopeless misery; and many tried to speak to him, but he could not understand them for the thickness of the walls which surrounded him; and many strove to release him, but he could not be freed, for he had locked the great doors from within.

In the darkness the man no longer saw the old familiar things, and became as one blind; groping for the accustomed places of rest and finding them not, for the sweet ways and usages of love and



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missing them. His outstretched hands touched nothing, and his passionate longings returned upon themselves and turned to deepest pain; and in his solitude and desolation nothing abode with him save memory.

For a time he was as one dead, but one dear memory kept companionship with him; and in the silence and darkness one image was always in his thought. As the days went by, that image seemed to fill his soul, and grew more real, and touched the hidden springs of life within him, and his heart grew tender under the spell of the great love with which he lived alone in a night in which the earth seemed to have vanished.

As his love deepened, a glimmer of hope began to suffuse the night, like a faint radiance from a light beyond the horizon, and delicate tendrils began to climb out of his heart toward that light; and there came a breath of something surpassingly sweet, like a fragrance from invisible gardens.

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And the spirit of the man softened and stirred, and he lifted his face, and the dim outlines of a new world slowly disclosed themselves. As he looked with wonder and awe and the yearning of a child stretching out its hands toward the light, this world became more distinct, and spread around him a beauty such as he had never so much as dreamed of before. There were familiar objects in that world, but they were no longer hard and rigid; the outlines were lost in vaster designs and were tender with new and deeper meaning; the familiar acres were folded in a vaster landscape, whose far horizons seemed to recede into luminous distances suffused with a light that streamed from the heart of things, and enveloped them in a splendor and beauty which broke out of them like a mighty flood of life.

The man went abroad once more with the heart of a child, and looked up to the heavens that had grown infinitely tender and benignant, and across the landscape

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that glowed and bloomed about his feet; for love had unsealed his eyes, and the power of sight had passed on into vision. And as he walked he was not alone, for one walked beside him whose presence was peace and whose companionship brought faith and trust and rest. The perishing world which he had once seen had widened to become the imperishable world which love builded in the far beginning, and which love enriches and enlarges and makes more beautiful with the coming of every soul that enters into it through the gates of birth and of death, for both are the gates of life.

And as he looked, behold, the places where the dead lay were blossoming fields; for in all the reach and being of the universe there was no death. Through all things streamed the mighty tides of life, and in the range of his vision the barren places broke into bloom, and far as his eager spirit traveled there were the stirrings and strivings of tender and delicate and mysterious things growing in

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strength and beauty. And there was no more night; for in the darkness, as in the light, infinite love watched and waited and cherished all things in its immortal hands; and nothing was forgotten or lost. And he saw the universe traversed by a countless host to whom sight had become vision; full of the repose of a great freedom and the deep joy of perfect strength fitted to imperishable ends. And in that multitude he became aware of those who had laid aside all care and sorrow and entered into the fullness of life; and one moved near him — no longer a memory, but a visible presence — who had vanished in the darkness of his great sorrow; who had gone out of his sight to live henceforth stainless, radiant, and immortal in his vision; no longer hidden behind the veil which she had worn in the days before the revelation, but shining without blur or dimness or shadow upon the beauty of her unclouded spirit. And after all the years of his love he knew

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that for the first time he saw her as she was.

And the air was soft about him, and the fragrance of the early flowers was borne to him; and like a far music he heard the bells of Easter ringing above the churchyard.

## The Plus Sign

**T**HE preacher stood at the front of the chancel without book or note — a tall, vigorous figure with a strongly molded face. Through the open windows of the little rustic church came the breath of the sea and the sweetness of the pines. The day was fair and still, and the sunshine, falling on the white birches, was like the purity of heaven. Untroubled peace filled the wide sweep of sky and enfolded the worshipers. There was no faintest echo of far-off guns, no hint in earth or air of unparalleled tempest engulfing half the world; there was the silence of a world asleep and radiant with the bloom of midsummer.

But there was not an ear in which the thunder of battle was not heard, not a heart which was not heavy with a sense of unspeakable grief; the worshipers had entered into the experience of Gethsem-

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ane and were bearing, each in the measure of his capability, the sorrows of the world. The sea was half veiled by a mist that seemed an exhalation of light drifting in and out; but beyond, darkness rested on the face of the waters and blackness of thick darkness lay like a pall over the hopes and aspirations of men. The earth that had seemed to be rolling slowly heavenward had slipped back to hell; when the day seemed to be at hand, night had come sweeping back; how could the world regain the beauty that had been ravished, the strength that had been poured out like water, the lost treasures of faith and hope that had been painfully gathered in the long ascent of the race out of savagery? The waste of it all was intolerable, incredible, blasting to faith, and the preacher, facing the worst and sounding the deeps of sorrow, held the cross aloft, as St. Paul had held it, as the glory of life. It was not the supreme tragedy of life, but the supreme unveiling of the heart of God. The Mountain

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of the Beatitudes was beautiful with promises of peace and purity, but it was a foothill on the way to the Mountain of the Cross. The sorrow of life, expressed in the cross, is not a black shadow on a lovely landscape; it brings out the beauty of that landscape and gives mass and power and terrible splendor to its structure. It is not a subtraction from the sum of living, but an eternal addition. It strikes a deeper note and reveals a more glorious destiny for men. Through the dreams of ease and comfort and security it lends a sudden vision of things more precious than ease, more to be desired than comfort, infinitely more to be prized than security.

The cross, the preacher said, put a halo about courage and gave courage its spiritual meaning. It showed how transcendent are spiritual and invisible things. Men have died by the million during the past year; not grudgingly and unwillingly, but gladly; they have met death, not with shrinking, but with a cheer. In this



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country we are so much in love with life, so eager to share its activities and grasp its rewards, that we have forgotten how slight a value life has simply as life, how entirely its dignity and worth come from what is put into and taken out of it. "One crowded hour of glorious life" is worth more than sluggish years.

Life gets its value from death, for through death the infinite continually breaks in upon the finite and the immortal shines in upon the mortal. For death is not interruption but fulfillment of life, and the cross, the symbol of sacrifice and death, is the supreme discloser of God the Father. In the Old Testament he is the Almighty; on Calvary he is God the Father Almighty; in the very heart of the storm, in the thickest darkness, in the most heartbreaking tragedy, the love of the Father finds its hour of supreme revelation; and not the Mountain of the Beatitudes but the Mountain of the Crucifixion shines with a light above that of the sun.

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In the story with which the preacher ended, the French peasant looks back across the little village and sees the great crucifix, from which the Lord had descended to talk with him, and as it stands, clearly defined against the evening sky, he suddenly sees that it is the plus sign gloriously expanded to become the symbol of the vastness and richness of life.

## Going Home

**T**HERE is no picture which touches the hearts of men more closely or tenderly than the figure of the tired man or woman going home at the end of the day. The fierce heat of the sun has passed, the intense high light of midday has softened into a restful glow, the strain of effort is over, and the passion of work has given place to the peace of deserted fields and streets. It was a normal instinct which sent the worker forth, eager and alert, in the morning; it is the response to a deep craving which sends him home at nightfall. The reward of labor is the rest which it achieves, and the joy of rest is the sense that it has been earned.

The alternation of day and night is a symbol of the order of life in which work and rest succeed one another in a beautiful and health-giving rhythm. The

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worker goes out of himself when he takes up his tools; he returns to himself when he lays them down at the end of the day. He pours out his vitality as the water pours out of a hidden spring; if he is a real worker and not a mere drudge, he gives himself in the toil of his hand and his brain, and when night falls his weariness is not mere fatigue of body, it is depletion of vitality. Before he can give himself again he must find himself; and when one goes home he finds himself.

To a vast multitude of men the thought of going home makes the heaviest burdens bearable, the most crushing responsibilities a spur to effort, the most complete surrender of ease and pleasure, not a sacrifice, but a price gladly paid for a happiness which is beyond price. The strain of the day is forgotten at the door which opens into the peace of perfect understanding, the pressure of hours and tasks is relaxed by the sound of a voice which is musical with love and faith and peace. In such a homecoming there is not only

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the supreme reward for the work of the day that is ended; there is also the renewal of strength and courage for the day that is to bring new strife and toil.

The joy of going home is not in the ease and comfort that are waiting there; it is in the peace that flows from love, the stillness that follows the tumult of storm, the clear atmosphere in which the dust of the highway is laid and the worker sees again the ends for which he is striving; in the quietness of such a home the toil of life is not only sweetened but its spiritual meaning shines clear again after the confusion of details has vanished. Under the heat and burden of the day the strongest man sometimes wonders if life means anything but prolonged strain of muscle and brain; in the stillness of home its blurred ends, its ultimate achievements, shine like the stars above the highway when the dust has been laid.

The home is not primarily a place for work but for life; work lies below and beyond it, but the companionship which

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transforms a house into a home is a sharing of the rewards of work: freedom, repose, refreshment, vision. There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women, as to the men and women to whom marriage is a mere social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. There are no more pathetic figures in the world of to-day than these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and utterly blind to the tragedy of a life in which there is no going home.

## The Mystery of Heaven

**T**HE imagination cannot go far ahead of experience; it can travel simply along routes only faintly marked by adventurous explorers, but it always needs a starting-point, and it cannot project paths into wholly unknown regions. The word "unimaginable" suggests the limitation of the creative, pictorial faculty which has made progress possible and is the open door through which, as Dr. Bushnell said, God finds access to men. It is significant that all attempts to describe Heaven end in a luminous vagueness, while Hell and Purgatory have been not only suggested but pictured with terrifying and convincing power. Dante walks the awful paths of Hell with commanding authority; he not only sees and understands, but he describes and interprets, the world of punishment with compelling power. And in the world of

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purification, though less dramatic and realistic, he is not less at home; he knows whence flow the tears of Purgatory. But when the gates of Paradise open to his unaccustomed feet, the sight is too dazzling; he cannot see for the unfamiliar brightness; he speaks as one in a half-remembered dream. His vision has traveled far beyond his experience. Sin he knows, and remorse and pain and tears he understands, but he cannot grasp the bliss of Heaven; he walks with faltering step in "worlds not realized."

The Milton of "Paradise Lost" is a greater poet than the Milton of "Paradise Regained"; and the Bible, the most concrete and definite of books in dealing with the deep things of God and with the mysteries of man's life, in the infrequent references to Heaven takes refuge in a symbolism which the Western reader often mistakes for pictorial imagery, and is rather hindered than helped by what he reads. In literature the great sinner is far more powerfully drawn than the great



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saint, and the most pathetic and appealing figures in the drama and in fiction are the men and women who, by breaking the law, have set in motion the tremendous tragic forces. The great artist finds his imagination reinforced and energized by experience when he deals with Satan, with Agamemnon, with Faust, with Richard III; but his skill falters when he tries to paint a Saint John or a Galahad. Sin we know, and all the tragic consequences that follow it in inevitable companionship; but the peace which flows from perfect purity, the radiance that shines, as the old painters saw, from the faces of the sinless, the bliss that waits for those who stand at home in the presence of God like happy children, lie beyond our experience; and, try as we may, we cannot give them form or body. When we try, we become irreverent and take refuge in a kind of sentimental materialism, or the Heaven we picture is a golden cloud on the edge of the horizon or a shining dome hanging unsupported in midair.

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The world of punishment and of purification we know, but the world of bliss we not only do not know, but it cannot be revealed to us; that is the reason why the longings of the heart are not met, and the cry of the soul for power to realize the surroundings of those who have gone on into the next stage of life is not answered: we are not told because we could not understand. A description of the heavenly life by one who was in the heart of it would come to us in an unknown tongue; nothing in our experience would interpret it to us. It does not lie even in the power of the Heavenly Father to make these mysteries plain to us, as it does not lie in our power to make clear to the little children we love the principles of philosophy, the more abstract truths of science, the revelations of ripe Christian experience.

We can know the direction of the paths which lead us to that highest plane of living which we call Heaven, but we cannot see the paths; we can know the ele-

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ments out of which the heavenly happiness is compounded, but we cannot visualize the conditions in which that happiness is shared; we can neither give power and shape to the spirits of those who have departed, nor dimensions and body to the things which surround them. All the reports of these things which credulous people are asked to believe are crude, materialistic, or so vague that they have only the substance of a dream.

Heaven is beyond our power of imagination, not because it is unreal, but because it is a higher reality not yet grasped by the mind. All life predicts it; punishment and purification foretell and affirm it; but it waits on our fuller experience to reveal it. Mr. Beecher has somewhere said that knowledge is given us in this life, not to satisfy intellectual curiosity, but to aid in the development of character; and Heaven, which rests immovable on character both divine and human, comes at the end of a process not of thinking but of living; that is what makes it

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more real than the things we know, more substantial and enduring than the things we paint and carve and describe. When the scientist begins to experiment with a short circuit of wire, he may dream of the time when messages will travel under great seas along thousands of miles of cable; he cannot foresee the hour when they will fly through the air itself. That vision will come only when he has mastered the resources of the wire and his experience has given his imagination a new vantage ground for further flight.

## The Possibility of Great Giving

**T**HE best gifts are never things; the best gift is always from within and is charged with personality. In the case of those who are able to make great gifts for the highest purposes — for the teaching of religion, the discovery of truth, the opening of the doors to education — it is often true that the spirit behind the gift is more valuable to the community than the gift itself, and the example far more influential in the long run than the great sum of money bestowed. The highest service a man can render to his fellows is some bestowal of himself in sacrifice, work, influence, inspiration. Phillips Brooks founded no college and endowed no hospital, but he is to be counted among the greatest givers of his time. Other men poured out wealth lavishly for good and great ends and are worthy of all honor for their large-

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mindful and large-hearted recognition of the mutuality of all possessions, the common fortune of the race, held in trust by the few for the liberation and education of the many. It was the high privilege of the great preacher to give himself with the prodigality of a man possessed of a vast treasure; to pour himself out year after year on the spirits of confused, wayward, starving people, to whom he gave a vision beyond the perplexities of the hour, a clear view of the right path and strength to walk in it, the bread which feeds the soul.

The Great Giver brought no money, clothes, or food with him. No man ever had less at his command of those things of which men usually make gifts; he was, during the wonderful years of his active life, penniless and homeless; but he was incomparably the greatest giver who has appeared among men. No one of all the great benefactors of mankind has approached him in the reach, power, and eternal value of his gifts. The secret of

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his divine generosity is told in a sentence: he was himself a gift! It was not the separate and detached gifts he made by the way — the healing, the hearing, the speech, the loaves and fishes — that clothed him with compassion and beneficence like a garment from the very hem of which life and peace flowed; it was the complete and perfect bestowal of himself that has begun to fill the world with light and health and love.

Here is the supreme reward of growth in purity, unselfishness, the wisdom of love: it so greatly enriches the spirit that he who comes to possess these beautiful and divine qualities gains the privileges of a great giver. Many men and women are perfectly sincere in desiring great wealth that they might use it generously for others. But great wealth comes to few, while the inward enrichment comes to all who invite and hold themselves open to it. Every man may become a great giver if he chooses; for every man may make himself rich in the vision, the

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moral strength, the peace of spirit, which are the supreme achievements of life, and the most inspiring, comforting, enduring things which a man can bestow on his fellows.



## The Long View of Life

**A** YOUNG man gets a position in a business of some kind, and secures his opportunity, which is all he has a right to ask for. There are two ways in which he can deal with it: He can do his work honestly day by day for his wages at the end of the week, filling up exactly the measure of work assigned to him. This will make him a trustworthy employee, who can be counted on to do conscientiously what he is told to do; he becomes a good soldier in the army of workers. Or (and this is the turning-point in his career) he can fill the measure to overflowing, pouring all his intelligence and energy into it, without much thought of the amount he is to be paid. If he chooses this way, he presently gets out of the ranks and becomes a leader, a captain in the army of workers.

He may be satisfied with doing well

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what falls to him each day, or he may push on by mastering the details of his business, making himself familiar with every part of it, and fitting himself for steady advancement by keeping ahead of the work required of him. Most men are content with what comes to them, and remain employees; a few make themselves masters of the secrets, methods, and conditions of their business and become employers. A man fixes his place in life by the amount of time and work he is willing to put into preparation for larger tasks and greater responsibilities.

In this country few young men need to be urged to work harder; for work already fills an immoderate and excessive portion of the time of most Americans. But young men and older men in this country need to be urged to plan their work on longer lines and to do it with greater intelligence. One of the most interesting directions which scientific experiment is taking to-day is that of intensive farming; this means, not adding acre

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to acre, but doubling and quadrupling the yielding capacity of the acres under cultivation. And this is supplemented in the business world, especially in the great industries, by the scientific management of business, the end of which is, by more intelligent methods of work, to reduce the labor and at the same time greatly increase production. These two principles every young man ought to study: how, without additional work, he can get more effective work out of himself; how, without the expenditure of increased force, he can make himself more fruitful.

The vital defect of the young man who plans his work for the day instead of for the decade is that he works like an artisan instead of like an artist; he does what is set before him and obeys orders instead of looking ahead and making himself an expert. He does not apply ideas to his work, but pursues it in routine fashion, without individuality of method. The problem which the young man who is to be successful, not only in the practical

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but in the fuller and nobler sense of the term, must face, is to reduce the expenditure of physical and nervous strain while increasing his productivity and bringing out of himself the finer fruits which scientific methods have developed. There is an enormous undeveloped force in the human race that some day, by more thorough training and more intelligent use of faculties, will be at the service of humanity. As we are now drawing energy from the air and the earth to do the work and carry the burdens of humanity, so some day we shall draw from the unused and ill-directed capacity of men a finer and greater efficiency. The end of life is not to toil like a slave, but to work like a free man, with a vision of what one means to do with one's life, with intelligence of method, with concentration of power.

## An Easter Thought

### The Light of Life

**T**HERE is no record of the earliest appearance of the idea of immortality; it is older than the oldest history. For many centuries men have known that death was an illusion — somber, appalling, often heartbreaking, but nevertheless an illusion; not the end of the drama, but the darkening of the stage while the scenes are shifted that another act may begin under a fairer sky in a happier country. In the far-off past, when men were looking at the world for the first time with conscious intelligence, they knew that those who went out of their homes did not go out of existence, but waited, dim and shadowy, on the boundaries of human life, or haunted invisibly the places they loved, or lingered, melancholy and hopeless, but still conscious, in worlds as shadowy as themselves. In the beautiful fancy of the Japanese, those

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who have vanished from the ways of life come back at times to their old homes, bringing a deep and tender peace with them. To them, as to the Chinese, the worship of ancestors means that the dead have not only not ceased to be, but have gone over to join the greater and freer spirits who live the larger and diviner life. The Greek saw in every return of spring, when the tide of life came flooding back, the hint and sign of immortality, and treasured his great hope behind the veil of the mysteries into which only the initiated were admitted. Savage and highly developed races have shared alike in the revelation of immortality, and every race, according to its insight and culture, has given form and speech to this sublime idea. The belief in what the scientists call the persistence of force is apparently instinctive; men do not conceive of an end of the power they feel within themselves until they have become cynical or introspective or critical in their attitude toward life.

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The pale figure which haunted the antique imagination dimmed the light but did not extinguish it; the living knew that those who had parted from them, and whose ashes were piously guarded in memorial urns, could still be reached and affected by the affection and devotion of the living. Antigone, the type of sisterly self-sacrifice, faced death that she might give her brother's shade rest; and Ulysses talked in the underworld with the heroes who fell by his side on the plain of Troy. The morbid and saddened imagination of the Middle Ages saw death as a grim and repulsive skeleton, the touch of whose icy hand meant the passing of earthly happiness, the solitary journey of Everyman, the awful loneliness of the descent into the grave, the judgment seat beyond.

To the freer modern mind, in the fuller and richer modern life, death is no pale ghost summoning the living to leave the light and warmth of the sun and wander disconsolate along the bound-

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aries of being; no grim and ghastly skeleton coming unbidden to the feast and in the happiest hour summoning the trembling spirit to its last accounting. The dim shadow and the terrible destroyer have vanished, and in their place has come the great, benignant, mysterious figure of Mr. Watts's "Love and Death." The passionate defense of Love, wild with grief, cannot hold the door against the irresistible strength of the messenger; but in that great form, towering above the helpless defender, pressing upon the door with a purpose that cannot be stayed, there is no malice, no antagonism; there is a noble dignity as of one come from heaven, the minister of an authority to which all doors must open, and of a wisdom as tender as it is fathomless, by which the immortal spirits of men are forever guarded from harm. "You may kill us," said an early Christian martyr, "but you cannot harm us." There is often heartrending sorrow in death, for it brings appalling loneliness with it; but



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there is peace, fulfillment, the joy of the perfect life.

What men in the earliest stages dimly divined, and men of a larger culture hoped for and expressed in noble dreams, Christ brought to light. Death was as much of an illusion before as after his resurrection; but that which was vaguely felt or poetically conceived became, in his triumph over the grave, a historical fact which transformed a little group of weak, vacillating men, who shared the moral blindness of their race, into a company of heroes eager to bear witness in all places and ready to face death in all forms. They hoped and dreamed no more; they knew, and in the certainty of their knowledge they spoke as those who had put their fingers into the places where the spear pierced and the nails were driven, who had heard the voice speaking that for three long days was silent, and had seen him walking who was wrapped in grave-clothes and laid in a sepulcher.

In their early conscious life men felt

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that they were not born to die, and that death was not an ending but a changing of the course, because they were dimly conscious of the indestructible force within them. In every later age men have been compelled to make the same great inference to satisfy reason and to appease the heart; for if we are but the dust of the earth become conscious for a time, life and the world are alike incomprehensible. In these later days a deeper process of thought and a wider observation have affirmed that no force ceases to be. And One has lived who died as all men die and was buried, and came out of the sepulcher not only with the light of life undimmed within him, but so visibly holy and immortal that they who were most familiar with him fell at his feet and worshiped him.

The light has come, and the faint stars of early hope and dream have faded from the sky; but mists and shadows still linger about the places where men toil and suffer, and many who sit in the darkness

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of closed rooms and silent homes cannot, at the moment, see the brightness of the sky above them. Not until the first long hours of loneliness have passed will they open the windows and doors and look up at the heavens. On every Easter day there is a new group of mourners, for there are newly made graves over the whole earth. To those who cannot hear the notes of joy in the Easter bells for memory of the recent sorrow these tones bring with them, the Christ comes, not with reproach, but with infinite patience and tenderness. He knew not only the victory at the tomb, but also the sadness of Gethsemane; he remembers that human hearts, with all their weakness, have also the power of deathless affection. He knows that while to him the hope of immortality is a massive causeway glowing with lights spanning the blackness of the river, to us it is a crossing of stepping-stones, of which we see but one at a time as we pass down into the darkness and mystery of the stream which none save he has ever recrossed.

## The Path to God

**T**HE endeavor to get the results of religious living without going through the processes, to secure possession of the fruits of character without enduring the discipline, is renewed in every generation; and the long and unbroken history of defeats does not seem to exhaust the credulity of men and women. We are willing to do everything except work out our salvation. We want a royal road to faith; are not willing to take the long, quiet path which is open to each one of us. We long for a great and final vision of God. We are eager for a complete and permanent settlement of all our doubts. At the beginning of the journey we want the enlargement, liberation, and certainty which can be found only at the end. We forget the significance of the divine commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We change it to

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read, "Well thought," or "Well felt, good and faithful servant!" We want to feel the presence of God. We want to be able to think our way to him in perfect clearness. We are not willing, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, with infinite patience, to so enlarge ourselves by work and life that we shall be fitted to stand in his presence and great enough to realize him in our thought. We want strength, but we are not willing to exercise; we simply wish to pray for it. We want peace, but we are not ready to set our lives in order. We want trust and that quiet faith which is the source of joy and happiness, but we are not willing to gain faith in the one way in which it can be gained — by patient continuance in well doing.

It is not by thinking or feeling, but by doing — that is to say, by actual experience — that we get the knowledge and the command of ourselves. And there is no other way. We create ourselves by translating our feeling into thought and

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our thought into action. There is nothing more striking in life than the gathering of lines in a man's face as the result of a great experience and a fine work well done — the unformed face chiseled by work into a strikingly significant countenance. For a man's countenance is the face which nature gave him, molded by his own ideals and toil. The sculptor does not more certainly evoke a face out of stone by the tireless strokes of his chisel than the man evokes his force, intelligence, and will out of himself by bearing the burdens and doing the work of life. You cannot tell him in advance what he is; he cannot know himself what he is. He must find himself through work. The aspiration of the boy who dreams of the mastery of art is a mere desire until he learns the use of the brush, the secrets of color, the control of his hands. The half-conscious energy of the youth who feels that the elements that will make him a great man of affairs are in him is a mere promise until he has

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taken hold of some kind of business and measured himself against men. The only road to self-knowledge and power lies through feeling and thinking into action. In action or experience only the man is wrought; there, and there only, he comes face to face with himself.

By action we not only create ourselves, but we create God for ourselves. The anchorite finds him in no other way; for his seclusion is in itself an act. The saint finds him in no other way; for self-denial, purity, and consecration are deeds, not feelings or thoughts. Truth is slowly distilled into men's hearts; for living is not primarily an intellectual, but a vital, process, and the greatest truths have come into the world, not through the door of the brain, but through the door of the heart. Love and loyalty, temptation and sin, self-denial and redemption, entered into the thoughts of men not by way of the philosophers but by the path that runs through every man's heart. We have come to know the greatest things because

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our hearts have been pierced by the great and terrible facts of life. Carlyle and Tennyson were once looking at the busts of Dante and Goethe in a shop window in London. "What is there in Dante's face that is not in Goethe's?" asked Carlyle. "The Divine," was Tennyson's prompt answer. That sense of the presence of the Infinite in all human affairs which gives Dante's face its wonderful impressiveness came not through thought only but through experience. It was born of solitude, deprivation, isolation, banishment. It came to him on the lonely stairs in the houses of strangers; it was revealed to him in the breaking of bread in an alien land. So came to Shakespeare the insight which, in the later plays, brought into clear view the higher processes of character and revealed such a deep and beautiful vision of life; so came Phillips Brooks's power of ministering to men and women of all degrees of experience and culture.

Life itself is the teacher of the proph-



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ets and poets, the saints and martyrs. We cannot silence our doubts by thinking, we cannot find God by searching; but we can do his will, and then we shall know his doctrine. We create God for ourselves, and we create ourselves by action, by passing through feeling to thought into the world of deeds. We keep in his presence by doing the work and living the life of faith. There is no baffling mystery about all this; for the clouds and darkness which surround a man do not make the path at his feet invisible or uncertain; and that path leads through rough places and smooth, sometimes in light and sometimes in darkness, to the summit. All that a man needs to do is to keep his feet in it. The road is as open to the humblest as to the greatest; and the most obscure often find themselves on those higher peaks where the divine vision is most distinct.

## The Peace of Christ

**T**HE peace of God is not only a familiar but a comprehensible phrase, for God is not only all-wise but all-powerful, and is therefore above all the momentary storms, the passing struggles, which sweep the world with a brief fury or trouble the souls of men as they pass from one stage of growth to another. From the top of a hill on a summer day one may often watch the clouds gather and sweep across the landscape, black and ominous, dropping bolts of fire as they pass; while far behind the brief rage of the tempest and far ahead of it lie smiling fields and men at work in them, and overhead the heavens abide in undimmed splendor of light. So God abides above the changes of tides and times, the forces of air and earth striving for harmony through continual readjustment of conditions.

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But the peace of Christ is more difficult to understand. He was in the very center of the storms; again and again they broke on his path; again and again they found him solitary and without visible shelter. He dealt first, foremost, and always with the tempests that ravage the world; with the awful blackness of sin, the tragic source of half the devastating storms that rage on the earth; with those temptations which bring mighty tossings of the soul with them; with the miseries, sorrows, and appalling pains of humanity which often overshadow the sensitive and sympathetic spirit with darkness like a cloud. The shadow of a cross always traveled before him. And yet, in the center of the storm of life, in the very path of oncoming tempests, the peace of Christ remained unbroken. More than this: his peace was not only sufficient for himself, it was so deep and wide that he was eager to share it with all men. In the heart of the storm he could say, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give

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unto you." If there is one scene in his life which more dramatically than any other interprets his attitude towards men, it is his quiet sleep in the storm, his calm hushing of its fury.

And he told the secret of his peace when he promised to leave it behind him in the world: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. . . . I go unto the Father." These words were spoken to men who were only beginning to understand the Master whose mighty works and mightier words and still mightier spirit they had been learning for almost three years. He had told them that he was in the Father and the Father was in him, and they could get but a faint glimmering of his meaning. If he had said that he had never left the Father, they would not have understood, though it would have been simple truth. In all the vicissitudes of his earthly life, alike when he was in the fellowship of Martha and Mary and when he stood beside the woman taken in the very act of sin, Jesus

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was with his Father; the vileness of the world did not for a moment separate the Son from the Father; rather it brought them together, for where the need was greatest there the Christ was most divine; where the blackness of the tempest was most appalling there the Light of the World shone most gloriously.

In all the storms through which he passed there is no evidence that the heart of Christ was ever troubled, but there is evidence that it was sore and sorrowful; in the presence of death he was not dismayed, not even perplexed; but he wept! The peace he left to those who believe in him is not respite from the pains of loss and sorrow; it is not freedom from uncertainty, and the trial of waiting for light in dark places, and for leading in the confusion of the world. When peace comes between warring nations, or between groups of men whose interests seem to be antagonistic, a deep sense of rest and security follows; but the pains and burdens and perplexities of life are not at an end.

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Peace does not mean a solution of all the problems; it means the absence of conflict and the quietude in which those problems can be faced and solved. The peace of Christ was not escape from anxieties and pain; it was a companionship with the Father which set at rest all fear, all doubt, all conflict of wills. The Father who was above the storms and the Son who was in the heart of them were one in spirit, purpose, nature; the clouds and darkness did not hide either from the other. The peace which Christ left for us is not freedom from sorrow, from pain, from uncertainty; it is the ending of conflict between God's will and our will, deliverance from fear, rest in the love and power of God.

## Character First

“**S**AFETY first” is a sound maxim if the meaning of safety is clearly understood. Where the care of human life is the highest duty, the supreme responsibility, it must be taken at its face value. On railways, trolley cars, in the construction of buildings whether permanent or temporary, in steam navigation, in the protection of water supplies, in the regulation of traffic on the public highways, the guarding of life is paramount to all other duties, and the words “safety first,” posted in places where life is in peril from many kinds of danger, form a sign that this happy-go-lucky country is beginning to awaken from its indolence and carelessness.

But in guarding the higher interests of life safety has a larger meaning than the protection of the body; it may, and often

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does, involve the utmost peril to the body. It has become to many people a maxim of spiritual degeneration.

Taken in an absolute sense, it becomes a shield for meanness of spirit and the cowardice which eats the heart out of character. Too many Americans have changed the maxim to read "comfort first;" they demand that the world shall let them alone in the endeavor to make life easy and pleasant; they resent any interruption of what has become, as the result of a great prosperity, an irresponsible "joy ride." So long as their business is not endangered, their homes threatened, their pleasures menaced, the rest of the world may starve and suffer the tortures of fire and the sword. Other peoples may pour out their blood like water and take up enormous burdens in defense of the principles which have made America prosperous, but these things do not concern the "safety-first" Americans. Nothing touches them until it disturbs their comfort. "Let us eat and drink



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and be merry," they seem to say, "for to-morrow we die." It is certain that we must all die, but shall death be the triumph of the spirit or the rotting of the body? The comfort-first Americans need not fear death, because they are already dead; they have sold themselves for the mess of pottage.

The history of the human race in this world has been one sweeping condemnation of the "safety-first" conception of life. In the sight of God, it is evident, the first principle of safety is contempt for comfort and readiness to lay down life for a hundred things that are a thousand times more important. As it is revealed in the structure of life the will of God is expressed in the maxim, "Character first." There is no limit to the demands of the Christ when character is at stake; everything else is mere dross. Life itself does not count in the balance when character is in the other scale. There are great joys by the way in this life, but society will become safe only as it

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becomes just and merciful and self-sacrificing.

This is not a comfortable world in the sense that men may take their ease in it, and there is no prospect that it ever will be. Until all men understand that character is the end and the justification of the tremendous education which we call life, ease and comfort will be interrupted and destroyed by danger, by trouble, by peril of many kinds. To-day half the peoples of Europe are fighting for liberty and the privileges of spiritual manhood; they are dying by the hundreds of thousands and they are suffering calamities which leave the imagination aghast and helpless. It is a fearful price to pay for the things at stake, but it is not too great a price. Those who see in the struggle only blind fate and needless slaughter utterly fail to see the moral grandeur of it, the divine contempt which it pours on the safety-first rule of living, the overwhelming authority with which it asserts the "character-first" rule of living. Until men are

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ready to forget ease, to hold comfort subordinate to right, to be unselfish as well as just, the deeps of divine judgment will be broken up from time to time and great waves of disaster will roll over the fair landscape of material prosperity. Safety will come when character is attained, but not before.

## Meeting Life Squarely

**I**T was recently said of a prominent public man that if he could evade a problem he thought he had solved it. This is the philosophy of many people whose endeavor seems to be, not to meet life squarely, but to evade it; not to see difficult situations clearly nor to deal with them strongly, but to shut the eyes to the most ominous and perplexing aspects and to find the easiest way out. This means, of course, that the real end of living, the education which experiences bring with them is entirely missed, and the main purpose of life is defeated. The student who becomes expert in the various devices by which the drudgery of learning is evaded imagines that he is outwitting his instructors, but discovers in later life that he has cheated himself. The discipline of education is not the attempt of the school or the college to benefit itself. It

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has been devised and is imposed for the sole purpose of helping the student.

The cares and burdens and perplexities of life were not devised to amuse an irresponsible power. They are wrought into the very structure of life, and are involved in its most vital experiences, in order that men and women may be taught the great truths which are behind all living, and in learning which the discipline of living finds its splendid justification. A proclamation of emancipation may set slaves and serfs free from legal bondage; but this is only the beginning of freedom. It is only an opportunity to become free, for freedom is not a gift and can never be a gift; it must always be an achievement. A man buys his freedom by restraint, self-denial, and work. To the criticism of an artist that he ought to have done his work in another way, La Farge promptly said: "That would have been impossible. An artist, above all other men, must work out his genius under laws." Neither in the substance of his work nor

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in its technique is he free. He must express his own temperament, and he must, by rigorous discipline and tireless patience, master the method by which at last he can freely express himself. "Grace," said George Macdonald, "is the result of forgotten toil."

The discipline of life, which many people resent as an interference with their right to the pursuit of happiness, is really, if one bears it patiently and meets it frankly, the only way to happiness.

This is especially true of such a tragic period as that through which the world is passing. The shadow of the struggle in Flanders and the Balkans covers the landscape of the whole world, and even those who are willing to buy peace at any price cannot purchase it. Try as they may to evade the great and terrible experience by shutting their eyes to it, it faces them at every turn, and the only escape from it is to meet it bravely and to learn what it has to teach.

People are trying to get away from the

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tragedy by taking refuge in amusements of many kinds. Miss Repplier has pithily said that the gospel of amusement "is preached by people who lack experience to people who lack vitality," and she adds that there is an impression that the world would be happy if it were amused, and that it would be amused if plenty of artificial recreation were provided for it. Play of all kinds is as necessary and legitimate as work. Healthful amusements and recreations are essential to physical and spiritual well-being; but they must be taken as tonics, not as anodynes. This country is not escaping the war by standing apart and shutting its eyes to the tragedy; on the contrary, the war overshadows every home and lays a tax on every income, large or small. Whether we will or not, we are our brother's keepers, and the shadow of his calamity rests, and ought to rest, on our homes. We cannot stand apart and rejoice in our prosperity; in the long run his calamity must be our calamity, and in some form we are sharing, and must share, it with him.

## What Can I Do?

**A** DISTINGUISHED surgeon said not long ago: "If there is an accident in the street when I am passing, I go at once and offer assistance. If I can do anything, I stay, if I cannot, I leave. If I can do anything, no amount of blood or mutilation has any effect on me. I seem not to see it if I am at work; but if I can do nothing, I cannot bear the sight of blood; it makes me ill." This is probably a not uncommon experience with sensitive people; it is certainly a significant experience. In great peril nothing gives such poise and steadiness as having something to do which must be done on the instant. Very few men go into action for the first time without nervous trepidation; but when the order comes that sends them into the thick of the fight, danger is forgotten. To be halted or to stand at rest under a heavy fire tests the nerves of veterans; but the signal to



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“move forward,” even when it involves every chance of death, releases an immense and joyful energy. A man whose courage is known the world over said that he never had any sense of danger if he could do something.

If living were a purely intellectual process, the position of the onlooker who had nothing to do would be ideal. Detached from the turmoil and disturbance about him, he could study his age and his country with clear eyes and at leisure. This would be true if the eye were an organ complete in itself; if to see were simply to look. But nobody sees with his eyes alone; we see with our whole bodies, so to speak. Every use of the eye involves a mental process into which memory, judgment, experience, enter. The whole mind sees with the eyes.

Life is not an intellectual process; it is a vital process; no one can understand it who does not take part in it. Henry Ward Beecher once said that truth is not revealed to us to satisfy the intellect; it is

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given to us only so far as it is necessary to develop character. We know very little about the methods and ultimate designs of God in dealing with us, but we know enough to enable us to live upright, useful, and intelligent lives. The vital truths come to us as the result, not of thinking, but of living. Deeper truth is taught us by sorrow than by the reason; what we call the heart opens life to us far more deeply than does the mind. Words which assume the division of our natures into separate organs are necessary and convenient, but they are misleading if they give the impress that our natures are divisible and act through organs that are independent of one another. We are indivisible, and whatever we do involves mind and body, will, intellect, and heart. To understand life we must live; and we live, not in thought, emotion, and will only, but in action.

It is a deep instinct which makes every normal man and woman ask, "What can I do?" and that question is not left unan-

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swered. There is always something to do if we are willing to do it and do not insist on doing something else. Many think there is nothing for them to do because they are more eager to choose their work than to do it; as if the main thing were the kind of work a man does rather than the spirit in which he does it and the character he gets out of doing it. There is a share in life for every one; there is work for every hand. If you think there is nothing worth while for you to do, read these words of Dean Stanley:

Do something worth living for, worth dying for. Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrows, that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform? Is there no reconciliation of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long-outstanding debt, no courtesy, or love, or honor, to be rendered to those to whom it has long been due; no charitable, humble, kind, useful deed by which you can promote the glory of God or good will among men, or peace upon earth? If there be any such deed, in God's name, in Christ's name, go and do it.

## The Test of Courage

**I**N all great crises phrases are born. Real phrases are not manufactured; they sum up and express great experiences. Such a phrase is that which was used by General Gallieni, quoted in *The Outlook* of June 14: "*Jusqu'au bout!*" When a year ago he was attacked by a grave illness which a slight operation and a short but immediate rest would have cured, he declined to drop his work, saying, "A chief must set an example in war time, and go '*jusqu'au bout!*'"—that is, to the very end. Unconsciously or instinctively, as brave men do, the "savior of Paris" not only struck a great note but announced a great principle of life in those words. It is the men who go "to the very end" who are in every generation the saviors of society; they preserve it from stagnation; they redeem it from corruption. It is undeniable that there is

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a downward sag in society, that it is impossible to build society on so strong a basis that it will automatically remain pure and vigorous. Society must be saved in every generation. It is impossible to capitalize it so strongly that it can rest safely on its accumulated moral strength.

It has been shown many times in the commercial world that a business house cannot be built so strongly that it will go on by its own momentum after the men who have created it have passed away. It will go on for a time, but with subsiding energy, and ultimately, unless its strength is renewed in the newer generations, it will end in bankruptcy. The attempt to establish society so that it can rest on its oars, so to speak, is doomed to failure; because the "power not of ourselves which makes for righteousness" seems to take very little interest in ease and prosperity and an enormous interest in the establishment of righteousness. "Morality," Lord Morley once said, "is

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not *in* the nature of things; it *is* the nature of things"; and morality is a daily and hourly reassertion, in definition and conduct, of righteousness.

The testing of courage is not the moment when the charge is made with ringing bugles and the impetus and inspiration of a great strain onward; it is when the inspiration of action has been lost; when all the conditions are full of disillusion, and few see clearly on account of the depression and monotony; and only they are heroically strengthened who are steadfast in the faith in which they began the fight — loyal to the very end. No one who reads the reports that come from the battlefields of Europe can have the slightest idea of the stolid and almost despairing loyalty with which millions of men are now living in the mud, standing fast with grim determination, though with hardly a glimpse of victory. These are the real heroes of the war; and these are its blackest hours. In every great struggle, national or individual, the crisis comes not

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when the danger seems most imminent, but when the inspiration has ebbed; and men stand fast, not because they see that they are gaining ground, but because they have pledged themselves to stand fast to the very end. And no careers are more inspiring than those of the men who like Cavour, have stood year after year, through long-continued and paralyzing discouragements and defeats, resolutely to the very end. Victory waits for such men and rewards them.















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